The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Over 600,000 Copies Sold Every Week
January 6, 1945
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.
3p

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726354

Men say they prefer girls to be sincere and natural

More advice on GIRLS IN LOVE

PUBLIC LIBRARY 4 JAN 1945

Some of our readers—men and women—don't agree with the advice given by Mr. John F. Kenyon on this page recently to girls who fall in love and want to keep their man.

They don't think the tactics advocated by Mr. Kenyon (December 9, 1944) would please men at all. So we give you some of their views, thus presenting both sides of the argument.

SUB.-LIEUT CHARLES GRAHAM, of Potts Point, Sydney, tells us that he writes on behalf of four happily married servicemen.

The advice he gives, he says, represents the qualities which these four men sought for and found in their own girls. Here it is:

"Girls, please believe me. If you adopt Mr. Kenyon's tactics you can, almost without exception, kiss your chances of winning him good-bye.

"It is wrong to try to convince the intelligent woman of to-day that the average man is little more than an unintelligent, egotistical ass, with no ability to discern the true qualities of womanhood.

"DON'T be 'stupidly doglike' in your devotion. A man meets with so much stupidity among his own kind that he appreciates the contrast.

"I imagine the average woman would find it beyond her capabilities and certainly beneath her pride to adopt such tactics.

"Man, curiously enough, is not 'strangely vain' of his love-making. On the contrary, he becomes ill at ease and doubtful of his approach, as well as suffering a great deal of mental anguish, when he meets the right girl.

"DON'T act dumb and dizzy, but encourage him with your charm, tact, and sympathy. You'll merit his respect and admiration this way.

"Cut out the shrinking and the squeal of mock pain when he grips your arm.

"A man prefers someone vital and wholesome to one with frail, porcelain qualities.

"DON'T leave lipstick on his shirt. A man hates to be embarrassed in the presence of his pals by such brands.

"Try it some time, Mr. Kenyon. You'll find no feeling of superiority at all, only one of exasperation.

"DON'T giggle. Certainly a man likes a girl to laugh at his jokes, stupid though they may be sometimes. But giggling suggests that you are sniggering, not at his joke, but at him.

"You should leave giggles behind with your pigtails at school.

"DON'T use those insincere, worn-out weapons of screams in the surf, signs of fear such as quaking and shrinking, dumbness and dizziness.

"Instead, be sincere, enthusiastic, modest, and charming. Be as natural and sweet as you can be.

"Be wholesome, sympathetic, and tolerant, a real pal in every dealing with your man, for that is the way to be loyal and truly feminine.

"These are the qualities a man looks for, the qualities most consistent with the pedestal upon which he has placed you, best calculated to engender good in him."

R. WAKEHAM, of Enfield, has taken some of Mr. Kenyon's points and amplified them. Here they are, the points alternating with the comments in italics.

"Be stupidly dog-like in your devotion."

By all means. Sit at his feet, lick his hands, and look up at him with goo-goo eyes. He will adore that—if he is a callow youth or a worn-out old man.

"Wear out all those old rags."

Certainly. Wear the rag-bag. He won't notice—much!

"Never be frightened of leaving lipstick on his collar."

Refer to comment on advice above about doglike devotion.

"Don't be too well-informed yourself."

Goodness, no! Be ignorant. Have no mind of your own, no ability to converse—and watch him break all records looking for someone with intelligence.

"Be envious when you see him with another woman."

Talk to him strongly about it. Nag him. You will soon drive him to the other woman.

"Suffer pangs of fear, and quake a little."

Just see how he will laugh at the frightened-of-a-mouse and clinging-vine type.

"Keep sinking into his arms with a sigh of happy resignation."

Be careful, girlie. Your charms may have weakened him, and you may hit the ground. Then your remarks will be more than a sigh, and certainly not of a resigned kind.

"Tremble about the future."

Will you love me then as you love me now? That kind of thing? Snap out of it and talk about it sensibly.

"Scream in the surf."

Don't open your mouth too wide. Salt water can make you very sick.

"Indicate that you think him too wonderful, and his chest will expand."

Remember, shirts cost coupons. No mention is made of what will happen to the hat of this type of man—or doesn't he wear one?

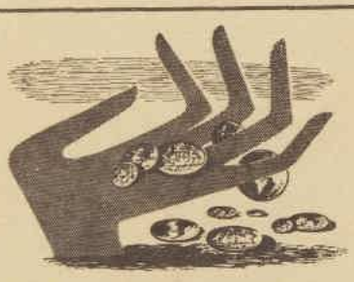
A WOMAN reader has her say, too: "Kenyon's advice is all right in parts. I used to try all those tactics myself. In fact, Eve used them first.

"Listen to 'em, pander to 'em, hang on their every word. You'll rake them in all right, but what types!

"Be honest, sister, and you'll get someone who appreciates your genuine charms."

CHARMING and intelligent. Contributors on this page say that is the combination they look for.

THE modern attitude to a mouse. Chase it.



Don't be a butterfingers . .

Money slips through one's fingers so easily! A shilling here, a shilling there — then 'Where did the rest of that pound go?' When supplies are available again we shall be sorry we didn't take more thought for the morrow. It would be galling to watch the 'wise ones' spending their savings while we had none. For there will be plenty to buy then. And plenty of Tootal Fabrics, prettier than ever — many of them marked with the 'Tebilized' brand that stands for *tested crease-resistance.*

Freedom formula by

TOOTAL

Regd.

In support of the War Savings Certificate Scheme

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

MELBOURNE (P.O. Box 1035H). SYDNEY (P.O. Box 2300M).

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Farm Station, Mercantile)	Nurses' Entrance
Accountancy	Commercial Art
Story Writing	Dressmaking and Designing
Journalism (Finance)	Shire Clerks
Advertisement Wtg.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Draftsmanship	Mail Order
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel, Motor, Radio, &c.)
General Education	

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

—— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here ——

TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A.W.W.144 ..... AGE.....

Try RITA HAYWORTH'S beauty care — it works!

Rita Hayworth

Columbia Star, now in "Cover Girl"

"Lux Toilet Soap really makes skin lovelier."

"This beauty care leaves it feeling smoother, softer, looking so fresh," says this lovely star. Just prove what this fine white soap can do for you! Use it as a quick freshener during the day, take a regular bath in its creamy lather. You'll never want to go back to anything else.

9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT.132.17

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726355

OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE

By A. E. MARTIN

HARRY FORD, Postmaster, who tells the story, follows his calling in a small Australian country town whose principal identities are:

LARRY WARD, popular delivery boy, in love with pretty EILEEN MAHONY. GARNET PRICE, wealthy young farmer, carrying on a surreptitious love affair with HELEN, beautiful wife of vindictive, blind TIMOTHY SPEEK.

POLLY and AGATHA GARNER, spinsters; DR. HANSEN; MRS. MARVEN, vivacious hotel proprietress; HENNESSY, popular schoolmaster; SAM COTTER, storekeeper; LUKE BARMBY, undertaker.

Ford learns of the affair between Price and Helen.

In love with Eileen himself, he opens a letter she has written, telling Larry she will marry "none other than Larry Ward." He alters the name to his own, reseals the letter, and gives it to Larry that night at a school concert.

Larry has just played a mouth-organ solo, but, as the audience clamors for an encore, Speek, Cotter, and Barmby make insulting insinuations because, earlier that day, upset at knocking down Barmby's small son, Larry grew faint when delivering groceries to Helen Speek, and she made him go inside and lie down.

Larry drops Eileen's letter and makes off. Now read on:

FEW managed to get home dry-shod from the concert, for, soon after Mrs. Marven left the hall, the rain came rattling on the iron roof, completely drowning the voices of the players in the comic piece we had chosen to conclude the entertainment. Right in the middle of what Hennessy had prophesied would be the most-talked-of incident in the comedy, old Sam Cotter popped up again, and shouted that he considered it useless to continue, and that the balance of the programme should be abandoned.

I don't know what Hennessy thought, but I believe the rest of those acting in the farce were rather relieved than otherwise.

Perhaps our audience's appetite had been spoiled by the altercation following Larry's appearance, or, maybe, the din made by the rain on the roof made hearing too difficult. In either case it had been singularly apathetic, and even the best of our sallies had failed to raise any laughter.

The deluge continued, and I got back to the Royal Hotel wet, tired, and dispirited, to find Mrs. Marven in her bar—for those were the days of late closing—chirpy as ever, conducting herself as if nothing untoward had happened, and playing host to three old fellows who leaned on the counter, gripping the handles of their pewter mugs, and listening spellbound to what she was saying.

She lifted her plump arm and patted her hair with simulated vanity.

"When I was sixteen, boys," she said, although there was not a man there under sixty-five, "I was a very bee-utiful girl, and ran away from home to join a circus. You should have seen me a-riding on a bare-backed horse."

She looked archly at the old men and went on: "And, of course, on the flying trapeze, in pink tights—well!" She left it to their imagination, and they grinned delightedly while old Plant struck his tankard on the counter with an "I'll be danged. Pink tights, d'ye hear?"

"It was at the circus," Mrs. Marven continued, fluttering her eyelids, "that I met Marven. He was the thin man in the freak show." There was a roar of laughter at this, for the old men could remember the late Mr. Marven, who weighed seventeen stone. "Of course," she finished, "I could have married the man with the flea circus, but, ugh!" She shrugged her ample shoulders.

"Flea circus!" Old Plant nudged his neighbor. "D'ye hear? Flea circus!"

They rocked with laughter, and Plant, tears in his eyes, proclaimed that it called for another pot.

I felt faintly nauseated that a woman should use her late husband as a peg for a bar-room story. Maybe my nerves were on edge. In any case, I did not wait to call good-night, but went on up to bed. But not to sleep! I tried to read, but the rain drizzled with ever-increasing fury on the galvanised iron roof, and I found it impossible to concentrate. I gave up at last, and extinguishing my candle, lay tossing and turning.

When at last I got off it seemed only a matter of minutes before I was awakened by a knocking on the door and Hennessy's voice calling: "Harry. Wake up."

I lit my candle and glanced at my watch to find it was nearly two o'clock. I sprang out of bed and opened the door.

Hennessy stood in the passage, water streaming from his sodden hat, a lighted lantern swinging in his hand.

"Larry's missing," he said shortly. "I'm organising a search. Get on some clothes."

As I dressed hastily he told me that the woman with whom Larry boarded had awakened him at his home, worried because the boy had not returned. She had been at the concert, and she linked his disappearance with the incident at the hall.

"He's a strange lad sometimes," she'd said to Hennessy, "but it's not like him to stay out so late and have me worrying. With this storm and all I'm frightened. Mebbe he's taken what happened to heart, poor boy."

Hennessy reassured her and began to rouse his friends. One of them had a story of Dr. Hansen returning in his buggy from an outlying farm. The creek was in flood, and he'd only managed the crossing by jumping waist high into the water and alternately coaxing and pulling his horse across.

As he climbed into the buggy again and drove toward the town a man had rushed along the road toward him. The doctor had pulled up and shouted, but the man ran by like one demented. That was an hour ago. The man might very well have been Larry, the doctor agreed, although in the teeming rain he couldn't be sure.

The schoolmaster detailed some helpers to call at various houses in case the missing man might have sheltered in one or other of them, but he was plainly worried. He'd roused Burke, the police officer, but it was characteristic of Hennessy that he himself should assume the leadership. Burke, in any case, was hardly the man to take the initiative in an emergency, for he was a heavy, slow-moving, slow-thinking fellow.

The three of us took the path to the creek, the rain beating in our faces and soaking my coat through in a few minutes.

What a few hours before had been no more than a trickle was now a torrent of tumultuous water, unutterably dismal and sinister. The creek crossing was quite impossible. Hennessy stood uncertainly. I shouted in his ear, and we turned right and began to make our way slowly along the bank, flashing our lanterns and calling, "Larry."

All at once I recalled the tree on which I had seen the carved names. We must have come close to it, but it was dangerously near, if not actually in, the flood waters.

"I saw him about here one afternoon," I shouted into Hennessy's ear and led the way, and as I pushed through the growth I could feel the water swirl over my ankles.

There was a steep grade, and Hennessy cried a warning to be careful. We made slow progress, and in a little while the water was up to our knees, and we were still some distance from the tree. We paused, and Hennessy directed us to hold our lanterns high and halloa together.

"Larry."

There was no response except the roar of the flooded creek. For a few moments, however, the rain moderated, and in the brief lull we shouted again and again. Then Hennessy said: "Good heavens! Listen."

Very faintly but unmistakably I heard it. The notes of a mouth-organ! They came from the direction of the tree on which I had seen the names carved and which must, by then, have been submerged to its lowest branches.

The music was not clear, for the notes were interrupted by the turmoil of the water and the sharp crackle of snapping bougha so that they reached us jerkily. But I thought I recognised the fragmentary air, though I doubt if the others did. It was "Eileen Alannah," but it was only momentary, and my mind may have been playing tricks.

Constable Burke shouted, "It's him, by gum."

We stood waving our lanterns and shouting, the water by now so high that it was difficult to keep our footing. By common consent we fell silent, listening again.

Over the swirl of the water and the hiss of the rain there came to us through the blackness the sound of laughter, crazy, high-pitched, and suddenly cut off as if a hand had covered the mouth that uttered it.

Burke dropped his lantern, and, before he could recover it, it was swept away. For a while we could see it bobbing about, travelling into the gloom, and then apparently it was caught in a new eddy and with a sudden rush joined the main stream, and we watched it dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp on the water till it became smaller and smaller and at length disappeared altogether. No human sound reached our ears.

Hennessy made as if to go forward, but the constable restrained him.

"It's no good, sir," he said. "It isn't safe. If he was out there he hasn't a dog's chance, poor devil. Unless he's up the tree," he addd, "and we couldn't reach him till dawn in any case. I'll come back then."

We turned and with difficulty forced our way up and back to the higher ground, Hennessy pausing repeatedly and peering behind him into the darkness, holding his light high, and I could see the rain streaming over his deathly white face.

"There'll be no more walks abroad for me—or you," the blind man snarled at Helen.

Please turn to page 21

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726356

POOR LITTLE CACTUS

Humorous Australian story

By IAN LASRY

MYSELF, I'm just fed up with cacti. Not that I have anything against them as plants. But I'm fed up with their intrusion into my private life.

It all started when someone gave Sue a tiny cactus for a birthday present. Sue didn't take much notice of it at the time, apart from a couple of rather scathing glances at it. But one day she pricked her finger on one of its tiny but vicious-looking bristles. Then the cactus-virus seemed to get into her blood.

The first inkling I had that something was amiss was when she came home with a slightly larger specimen.

"Hullo," I said, "where did that spring from?"

"Spring!" said Sue scornfully. "They don't spring. They grow more slowly than any other plant."

"But where did you get it?" I persisted.

"I saw it in a shop," she said, "and it looked lonely, so I bought it."

I couldn't for the life of me imagine a cactus looking lonely, and I said so. That was the worst thing I could have done. She immediately sprang to its defence, her mother-instinct working overtime.

"That's the trouble with you men," she remarked bitterly, "you've got no pity in your souls. Now I could no more have left that poor little cactus there, all by itself, than . . . anything."

"But there must be hundreds of lonely little cactuses—cacti," I said. "You can't bring them all home."

"Well, I'll bring home any I see that are lonely," she replied.

And she did. A couple of nights later, bless me if there weren't two more poor little things reposing in prominent positions formerly occupied by (a) a flower-bowl I rather liked, and (b) a colored photograph of myself. Remonstrances were useless. Sue had the cactus mania, or whatever you call it, and nothing could stop her.

The next few days were awful. She brought home cactus after cactus. They were on the piano, on window-ledges, behind doors. Everywhere you went you were in danger of pricking yourself, tripping over a cactus-plant pot, or cutting yourself on a glass reflecting-pool in a cactus garden.

Those cactus gardens! They were always being remodelled, re-decorated, or replenished. There was always something to be got for them—sand, shells, pieces of stone—everything but the kitchen-sink, and I think that would have been dragged in, too, had Sue thought of it.

The king of all the cacti was a big brute, with a hard, leathery, spiked face. He and I had a private feud, which, I'm glad and proud to say, finished in my favor.

I don't know whether Sue ever really got to know that I poured a sleeping-powder into its drinking-water, but I got a dirty look when I suggested that it might as well be thrown out, as it didn't seem keen on living with us.

Then Sue started to get friendly with other cactus addicts. She began to speak a strange language, full of technical names and descriptions. Her cactus acquaintances began to come home to have a look at her cactus gardens, and when she took third prize in a kind of unofficial cactus competition her glory was crowned.

One day she came out to me while I was doing some digging.

"I think some cacti would look rather well in the front garden," she said.

"Do you?" I asked guardedly. I had some rather nice seedlings planted at the time.

"Yes. Not many," she replied. "About a hundred and fifty would do."

I put down my spade carefully, and drew a deep breath. I am not easily rattled.

"Woman," I said, "I am a man who weighs his words. But mark me well. If I see so much as a single poor little cactus in the front garden, I will personally destroy by fire every cactus on which my gaze rests. So take heed, and take warning."

She didn't know whether I was joking or not. "Huh," she said.

"There is absolutely no question of 'huh,'" I reminded her. "I mean exactly what I say. No more and no less."

"But surely a miserable hundred and fifty cactuses—cacti—won't . . ."

"Look," I said, cutting in briskly, "it won't do. It won't do at all. Up to the moment, this garden the pride and joy of my life, has looked reasonably temperate in character. If you think you're going to make it look like something out of the Arabian Nights, with your wretched desert plants, you've got another think coming."

"There's no need to be nasty about it," she said.

That night things came to a head. I'd been out for most of the day, and when I came back the garden looked like a small battlefield. From all angles and corners cacti poked their bristly heads out defiantly. My bulbs and shrubs, like a defeated army, lay round in forlorn little mounds that brought a lump to the throat.

As I said before, I am not easily rattled. I walked briskly into the house.

"Nice job you've made of the garden," I said, in a friendly manner.

"Do you really think so?" said Sue, with a pleased expression.

"Oh yes, it's great," I said, "but I think I'd better spray those cacti with insect-exterminator. The insects are bad this year."

"Well, thanks," said Sue.

"That's all right," said I.

"It's funny, though," she added. "I always thought you didn't like cacti."

I controlled myself with an effort. "Good gracious," I said hypocritically, "that was ages ago. I'm very partial to them now."

She seemed satisfied that I was at last a convert, and she raised no objection when I went into the kitchen to prepare my exterminator. I made a thorough job of it, too, and after getting a bucketful together I went out to spray the cacti. I have to add, with a certain amount of shame, that Sue helped me.

. . . . . .

The next morning I got up early, having a couple of appointments at the office, some time before seven. The telephone rang at eight-thirty.

"You — you — miserable, horrible, awful, terrible beast!" said a voice. "You low, mean, contemptible, miserable . . ."

"You said that one before," I reminded her.

"I'm going home to mother's," continued the voice, "and I never want to see your horrid, heartless face again." There was a click. I sighed.

That night I wended my way homeward with a heavy heart and a pound of saveloys. It was therefore with some surprise that I saw Sue wielding a spade in the front garden.

"Yoo-hoo," she remarked as I reached the gate.

I quickly disposed of the saveloys. "Er—yoo-hoo," I said.

"Don't you simply adore these bulbs?" she asked, displaying some rather fine gladioli.

"Well . . . yes," I was at a loss for the moment. "But the—er—cacti?"

"Oh, I dug those all up," she said brightly. "Dangerous things."

"Eh?" said I.

"Didn't you read where a dog died from scratching itself on a cactus?" she asked.

I hadn't, but I breathed a short prayer of thankfulness.

"But what about that phone call this morning?" I asked. "Wasn't that about the . . ."

"Oh no," she said, "that was about you. You left this morning without saying good-bye to me. But I forgave you when I saw what you'd done to the cacti. Dangerous things."

"Yes," I agreed, "dangerous things."

(Copyright)

"I saw it in a shop," Sue said, "and it looked lonely."

WHY BOVRIL IS SCARCE

Bovril regret that there is a shortage of supplies in your district because owing to war conditions it has not been possible to send shipments for some time.

Big supplies of Bovril are being sent to the troops in every theatre of war and further shipments will reach your shops as soon as circumstances permit.

Until then, use very sparingly any Bovril you may have. Bovril is highly concentrated and you will be surprised to find how very little you need for an appetising beverage or to improve the flavour of savoury dishes.

BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

There's no substitute for **'Plasticine'**

The original modelling material made by HARBUTT'S

To love . . . and be loved

"He's in love with her."
"Why not? She looks lovely. No wonder she RAVES about Powder Charmosan."

Smoke drift from Diana's cigarette rose lazily in the air. "Some wise soul," she said, "declared that always a lark will sing, the flowers bloom, and a man will love a pretty skin."

Love wraps you like a sheltering mantle. It is a torch that lights up the very soul. To love; to be loved—of such is Heaven made.

Charmosan face powder so SUBDUES and CONCEALS faults in your skin and signs of age that you look YEARS YOUNGER, charming, pretty. Such chic; such suave, smooth loveliness, such sweet, tempting charm creeps into your skin.

Charmosan face powder stays on with the sheerest witchery for many hours. Soft as a fleecy mist upon your skin.

Charmosan face powder

In Rachel, Naturelle, Peche, Sun Tan. Big box 2/6. Small 1/3. Sold everywhere.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726357

THE GREATEST OF THESE

"It's always a man's last ounce of strength that calls the angels down," the padre said.

By William E. Barrett

IT was night and the rain fell steadily, monotonously. At the other end of the island, Japanese warships were shelling the ground troops and the shore batteries were answering them.

Captain Martin Street hesitated for a moment in the doorway of the gas-gangrene building and looked across the clearing into the blackness which hid the facetiously named "officers' club" a hundred yards away.

A boy had just said to him, "Please go away, Padre. You're a good guy, but if your God walked right into this room I wouldn't shake hands with Him."

Martin Street shivered. The night rain was cold after the sticky heat of the day, but his chill was more a thing of the spirit than of the flesh. That boy inside was going to die.

"You're a good guy . . . and—Please go away, Padre."

Martin Street felt that his own epitaph might be written that way. He wore a captain's bars, but he also wore the crosses of a chaplain. Occasionally, he was addressed as "captain," but usually he was just "padre." He was the only chaplain with this besieged and battered force, and sometimes he felt that he was the wrong man.

None of the wounded whom he visited asked what creed or denomination he had served in a world at peace, and that was good; on the other hand, he doubted that he served these men well. He was like an outsider, a noncombatant, whose naivete they tolerated, yet he ran their risks. He had been under fire countless time. He endured the bombing with them every night.

Instinctively, he looked at his watch. There was an hour yet until dawn. Just before daybreak the bombers would be over. They were as methodical as the Germans.

There was a theory about that—the theory that the Jap bombers took off from a carrier in the dark, but needed daylight in order to land. They would bomb the airfield and dump the bombs that were left into the hospital area. Morale breakers! Well or wounded, they gave a man no rest. His eyes steadied on the watch-face.

Suppose that they got him tonight? That boy inside knew that he was going to die. Suppose that he, Martin Street, was scheduled and did not know it?

The face of the watch mesmerised him, and the conviction grew within him that he was experiencing a premonition. This was the night of his number. In the next hour he had to find answers, not for himself, but for these other souls whom he had been unable to reach.

He stepped out into the rain, no longer conscious of it. He was dripping when he reached the tin-roofed frame structure that was known as "the club." He paused inside the door to shake himself.

The only person in the big, bare room was a stocky young man in faded khaki who was playing solitaire with grim concentration. This was Major Pete Drummond, who commanded what had been a squadron of marine fighter planes. He raised his eyes from the cards as Street entered.

"How are you, Padre?" he said.

Street nodded. He always felt uncomfortable in the presence of Pete Drummond. The major was in his early twenties, a couple of years younger than the chaplain, and Street considered him the most profane and blasphemous man whom he had ever known. It created a wall which a certain self-consciousness in Martin Street found impassable.

"Good evening, Major," he said. "Pretty wet out there."

Drummond shrugged. "Yeah."

If there had been a moment when conversation was possible between them, the moment passed swiftly. Drummond went back to his concentration upon the cards.

There was a table half a room away from Drummond, and Street sat down heavily in one of the chairs, an awkward, diffident man, incredibly tired. Everyone on this island was tired, sleeping in snatches and in all manner of odd places, working against heat and flies, hopelessness and perpetual rain.

The door opened again and a girl entered, stopping just inside the door to remove her streaming raincape. She was a dark-haired, slender girl, dressed in overalls that were several sizes too large for her. Her face was pale, her eyes large and dark. Fatigue lines bit brackets into the corners of her mouth, and her shoulders slumped.

She looked briefly at Pete Drummond, who was staring at the cards, then nodded to Street.

"How are you, Padre?"

Street rose and stood beside his chair. Pauline Johnson was his favorite among the nurses, the most tactful of them, a deft worker, and, in his opinion, the prettiest.

"I'm fine, Pauline. And you?"

It was stiff conversation, but he had been even stiffer about it before she had made him stop addressing her as "lieutenant."

He groped frantically for some light comment as she crossed the room, and he was aware of the fact that Pete Drummond was no longer watching the cards. His eyes followed the girl's every step. She turned when she reached a table that she wanted, half-way between the two men. Her eyes surprised Drummond's, still watching her.

"Hello, Pete," she said. There was something almost defiant in the greeting.

Drummond's lips twisted into a semblance of a smile. "Hello, Pauline."

He went back to his cards, and Martin Street sat down again.

It was strange, he thought, that the three of them, knowing one another well and sharing the same hazards, should be sitting at three separate tables in a room as small as this one.

A mess orderly brought a cup of tea for Pauline Johnson without waiting for her order. She took a tablet from a little case and washed it down with the tea.

All the doctors and nurses, the chaplain, too, were taking the tablets, and they had discovered that tea offset the unpleasant effects of synthetic drugs. Working in a field hospital on a tropical island called for certain precautions. The girl grimaced as she set the cup down.

"Padre," she said, "here's something that probably belongs in your book. I'm quitting. I'm quitting under fire. As soon as any kind of a relief expedition, ship, plane, or canoe reaches this forsaken island, I'm turning in the bars."

She did not seem to be aware that Pete Drummond was in the room. She was looking at Martin Street. He felt the blood rush to his face, and the only words that came to him were inane words, meaningless words.

"You what?" he said.

"I said I'm quitting. I want to go where I never have to see a uniform. I want to nurse old ladies with gallstones and old men with arthritis. I want to see babies born once more and see sane things like appendectomies. I——"

She was wound up, and Street sensed hysteria coiled beneath the surface of her being.

He rallied his own mind to slow her down, dimly conscious that he disliked the effort required, shrank from any effort whatever. Fatigue hung like lead weights upon his every individual muscle, pressed soddenly upon his brain.

"You don't mean it," he said. "We all say things that we do not mean. It's the strain. A boy told me tonight that if God walked into the ward, he would not shake hands with Him."

The girl laughed. There was bitterness rather than mirth in the laugh. "The boy had something," she said. "Neither would I. I wouldn't move out of this chair even."

Martin Street stared at her, and he felt the blood draining from his face again. The words that he wanted would not come. There were so many words—words of faith and beauty and grandeur, words that he had said to himself in dark hours or uttered solemnly from pulpits. He could not release those words now when he wanted them. It was the weakness in himself that had convinced him that he was the wrong man for the responsibility that was his.

He could talk to those who had faith or to the suffering who needed strength, but some soft and gentle thing in his nature shrank from conflict of any kind. An unbeliever introduced a note of conflict, shocked something in his soul by being an unbeliever, and drove him into himself, wordless.

"Your God couldn't keep me on this job five minutes after I find a way out, Padre," the girl said. "So I understand how that kid feels."

Martin Street looked at her, and because he understood people better than he understood himself, he knew, beyond doubting, what was the matter with her; not weariness alone nor unbelief alone; something else, something very human, something that it embarrassed Martin Street to know. The naked soul abashed him more than the naked body, and he looked away from her.

He heard himself uttering words, unplanned words, words that served only to cover up his confusion.

"Faith, hope, and charity," he said, "and the greatest of these is charity. You have the greatest gift in the world in the work that you do."

The girl brushed the faltering words aside with a swift gesture. "You take over from there, Padre. I don't want any more gifts of broken, ruined youth. Have your God stop it; then I'll listen to you."

She did not look at him as she spoke. She did not look at anything in the room. She seemed to be looking beyond it, looking at things that she preferred not to see. Street was conscious of the fact that Pete Drummond was no longer playing with the cards, that he was sitting with his chair tilted back, his half-filled glass in his hand, like a spectator at a play.

The girl sipped her tea, and Martin Street sat there with words of understanding bottled up inside him.

Presently, the legs of Pete Drummond's chair came down with a soft thud, the cards riffled audibly through his hands and dropped with gentle, flat sounds upon the table top. They were three people at three different tables, and they had nothing to give to one another save silence.

"She was not really talking to me at all; she was talking to Pete Drummond. No nurse blows up at the fate of many men until that fate narrows down to one."

The psychologist in the brain of a clergyman, the part of him that weighed and measured human nature, was more fluent than the apostle. Even as he phrased the observation to himself, he knew that it was true. There was a current that ran between the flying man and the nurse, a hostile current now, which wasn't the important thing, so long as the current existed and flowed strongly.

He half closed his eyes, feeling those weights clinging to all of his body again, the leaden weights of weariness. The door opened and the swift rush of rain that swept in momentarily restored reality. A big man in a raincoat stood for a moment blinking into the light. He, like the rest of them, was a study in spent vitality, a soldierly figure despite his slumping shoulders.

This was Major Harmon Paskert, commander of the medical unit.

"Johnson!" he said. "I hoped that I'd find you here. That fellow who landed here last night—I've got to operate."

Pauline Johnson was rising stiffly, laying the cup upon the table top—a series of small motions flowing into one. "Ready, Major," she said.

Please turn to page 15

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726358

CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD

Post-war aviation development, with airlines radiating to the four corners of the globe, will see Australia a geographical cross-roads of the world's air traffic. Australian National Airways has built, without Government subsidy, the world's largest internal airway system — a logical foundation for Australia's vital international air communications of the future.

Australian National Airways

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726359

We Did See The Cottage

By

NORAH RYOTT

IT was a vision we'd had before us for two years; a goal we always had with us but had never yet achieved. It took a bad bit of steak Judy got at a hotel on our last leave to put it forcibly into words.

"Darling," Judy ran her fingers down the sleeve of my one good blue civilian shirt, "couldn't we have the next leave at the cottage?"

"But . . ." I was about to say that we'd let the cottage to a squadron-leader and his wife the first year of the war, and it had become Air Force property ever since. The tenants of the present were, as far as I remembered, an American pilot, his English wife, and a few of his pals.

"We'll arrange it so that they go on leave when we do," Judy said. "They must go on leave some time, and I'm sure they'd understand our wanting to go there."

"Well . . ." I wasn't very convinced, but I didn't want to damp the idea, because it appealed to me. The cottage and Judy were the pair I thought about most when we were tossing like a cork in the Atlantic.

We'd found the cottage three years before the war, a tumbledown place which had, in fact, been condemned. But we were allowed to buy it, and were looked upon as a couple of suckers in the village. The local doctor said if we died early in life he wouldn't be responsible.

Slowly the cottage had shaken itself into life like an elderly spinster that has been left a legacy. Judy had some very antiseptic ideas, and disinfectant fought hard with wallflowers for supremacy. Judy cajoled the local plumber into laying on water, and together they inserted a bath in a cupboard.

White paint made up for the light lost by small windows, and our cottage became a thing of beauty. Once the water got running people even came to stay with us.

Judy had said once that the cottage was a good place to bring up a family, but the war started, and I became a bit of Wavy Navy, and Judy, not to be outdone, became a Wren, so we never really got down to the family. But Judy was working round to it again.

Whatever Judy had in mind the cottage was uppermost, and I was more than tired of hotels and dehydrated eggs—or leaves spent with in-laws, although I loved them very much. There's nothing like sinking into an armchair and feeling that it's yours, and you are even less resentful about five inches of bath water when it's in your own bath.

At the cottage we would be alone together, and there would be no one to bother us. Heaven knew we saw little enough of each other.

"Just the two of us . . . alone . . . in the cottage . . . darling," Judy was whispering. And, of course, no husband can stand up to that sort of thing for long.

Well, this May it happened. The destroyer went in for a refit, and Judy fixed her leave. Fortresses were working overtime though, and at first there seemed no hope of our tenants going on leave. But as luck would have it, Mrs. Fortress Pilot was having a baby, and went into a nursing home, and the Fortress Pilots, after appealing letters from Judy, moved over to their mess for a bit. The cottage was ours.

Judy and I met in the local market town, collected our rations, and advanced on the cottage together. The Fortress pilot had written Judy not to worry, there were loads of tins, and to help ourselves, they'd sure like us to feel at home.

"Oh, darling! Think of it! We'll be able to do just as we like. Getting up when we feel like it. Tea in the sun and I'll bake a chocolate cake and you can cut the grass so that it smells nice and we'll have a heavenly time." Judy shivered with anticipation on the local bus seat beside me.

The vicar's wife got in at the next stop and I got up to give her my seat. It was nice meeting someone we knew, and she seemed glad to see us. We told her about the leave and the Fortress pilots being decent about moving into their mess. Old Mrs. Haddon from the neighboring farm was in the bus, too, and beamed at us. Her Alf was home, and did we know he was a corporal?

Judy is good at murmuring things that sound nice and interesting, and she did this with good effect. Mrs. Haddon, in a stage whisper as she squeezed down the bus, said she'd see if the hens had been laying.

We got out of the bus with our two suitcases and collected the key from the post office. The Misses Heath clucked and said how nice it was we were home, and perhaps it wouldn't be long before we were back for good.

We walked down the village street and there was the cottage.

"It looks just the same," Judy said as though she had expected it to grow stars and stripes instead of wistaria. Funny this feeling I had of visiting, instead of coming home. But it would wear off.

It did. We spent the next two hours in a flurry of trying to find things. Judy rushed about upstairs getting changed and making up the beds. She dashed into the lounge.

"I can't find any sheets, and they've broken the china dog!" This wasn't as catastrophic as it sounds, compared to bomb damage it was infinitesimal, but it was our dog and we had a right to mind.

"I'll soon have the boiler on and we'll get a bath," I said soothingly on my way out to fill up the coal buckets. Then, "Judy," I yelled, appalled. "There isn't any coal!"

"But surely they——" she began.

"They didn't," I cut in, annoyed. "Distribution's bad or something."

"We'll have to manage with logs," Judy said brightly.

The man who can get a roaring fire going in ten minutes with damp logs is a Boy Scout. He isn't me. The fire did go, but it never roared. Luckily we have an electric cooker, so we had some supper. We had it on a low table with a buttercup-yellow cloth and a bowl of primroses from the garden. Judy let herself go with spam and chips and coffee, and she opened a tin of the Fortress pilot's tangerines. We felt more at home.

"Darling, it's lovely looking at you without a lot of people joining in," Judy said, and I had to kiss her for that before lighting her cigarette.

"Maybe you'll get tired of just looking at me by the end of a fortnight, poppet," I warned. But she came and sat beside me on the sofa and made it quite clear that that was just not possible.

All of a sudden the front door burst open and America poured in.

Then all of a sudden the front door burst open and America poured in.

"Thought we'd just drop in and kinda welcome you home." The boys crowded in, greeting Judy with a bottle of gin and some whisky for me. Someone else produced a tin of butter and some nice lean cigars. They hoped the place was O.K. and the little matter of the coal was cleared up. Corks popped and we had a party going in no time. We got to bed about two a.m.

Our lazy morning in bed was spoiled by the bread man wanting to know how many loaves, and the milk maid crying out for emergency cards. The telephone rang. The Yanks said we weren't to think of cooking lunch, but to come up to the mess, their C.O. was throwing a party specially for us.

Judy started to do things in the house, and I went into the toolshed to have a look at the lawn-mower. It wasn't there. A note pinned to the shelf said the R.A.F. had borrowed it for the cricket pitch and would compensate us. Then the coal arrived with a vengeance of black dust. Judy said we'd better be getting over to the mess, it would be a lovely walk through the woods, and we could take our time.

She'd thought about this walk a lot. But we hadn't gone far when a jeep caught us up, and it seemed silly to say we wanted to walk through the woods.

The Yanks know how to throw a party. Yes, sir. Judy remembered a song she'd heard on the wireless called "Thanks, Yanks." Judy is not very often in tune, but she remembers the words. The Yanks loved her, and she looked fine singing that song kneeling on the seat of a chair. Her dark hair and grey eyes were surely going over big with America.

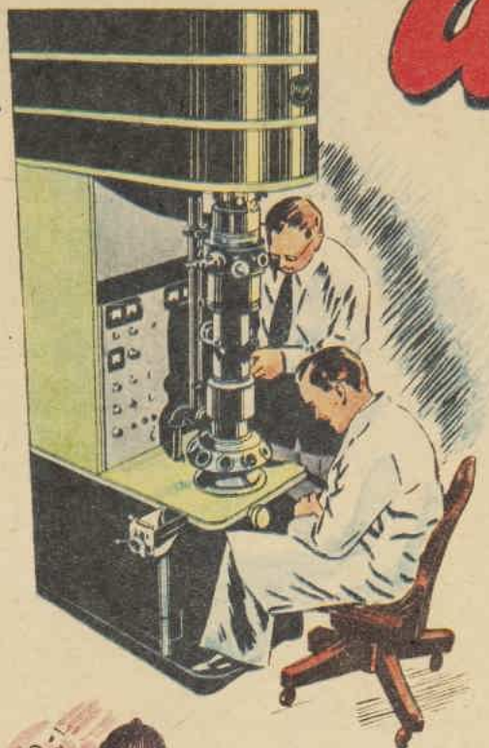
Please turn to page 12

DIAMOND JEWELLERY
Silver, Silver Plate
Fine China and Glass
PURCHASED
at Highest Cash Prices
HARDY BROS. LTD.
90 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY
330 Collins St., MELBOURNE
118 Queen Street, BRISBANE

The WHITEST WHITE
'NUGGET'
WHITE
IN JARS AND IN TUBES
NPB

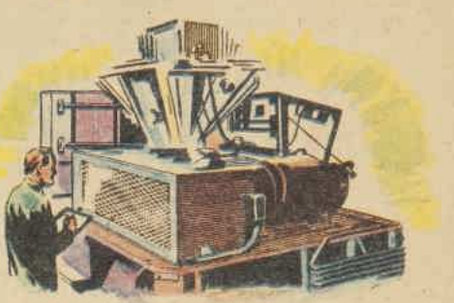
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726360

RCA PRESENTS What's New



Probing the unseen world! RCA Electron Microscope, 50 times more powerful than best optical microscope, magnifies objects 100,000 times or more—promises untold benefits in health and industry. Now serving the United Nations' war needs, RCA looks forward to building better products for a better world—when Peace comes!

Eight miles off the ground! To make possible an accurate study of aviation radio at different altitudes, RCA perfected this altitude chamber which reproduces altitude pressures as high as 40,000 feet!



It could shake your house down! Powerful vibrating machine developed by RCA prevents structural weaknesses in aviation radio—enables RCA to perfect radio equipment for planes before it goes into service. RCA aviation radio is playing an important role in the expansion of communications.

Outwitting the enemy. Because the average radio "re-broadcasts" signals 100 miles or more, betraying location to the enemy, RCA has perfected the AR-88 receiver with little or no radiation . . . now used by the armies and navies of the United Nations. When Peace comes, the same skill applied to this receiver and to the many other RCA achievements in the field of communications, will be used to give better radio to the home and to industry.

The magic eye of television: The "Iconoscope", an RCA invention that makes possible Electronic Television. By means of hundreds of thousands of photo-electric cells it "picks up" images — transmits them through the air on radio waves. While all of RCA's production now serves the United Nations, wartime experience promises still better products for you when Peace comes!

"Exploding" Rivets by Radio! Rivets with explosive charges in their tips are now detonated with radio frequency energy. This new RCA method can greatly speed and simplify industrial construction.

New stars, new motion pictures are recorded on film throughout the world by means of RCA Photophone sound film recording equipment —used in leading studios wherever better pictures are made.

Radio heat builds propellers! Previous slow methods of drying and sealing sections of laminated wooden propellers now give way to the RCA method of instantaneous processing by radio frequency waves!

Most perfect home receiver is RCA's QU8. Provides the ultimate in radio performance with its 24-tube nine-band circuit . . . 20-record automatic changer . . . highest quality reproduction. Records radio programmes or speeches, serves as public address system. Exquisite to see and hear, it is the kind of radio RCA will bring you again when Peace comes.

The secret of invisible glass. Special RCA coating for glass allows more light to go through instead of being reflected. Already used on projector lenses, aircraft instruments, and other products of both war and peace, its practical post-war use is limitless.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
HEADQUARTERS: RCA BUILDING, RADIO CITY, NEW YORK.
RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.
LEADS THE WAY in *Radio, Television, Tubes, Records, Electronics.*

Represented by
RCA PHOTOPHONE OF AUST. PTY. LTD.
The only subsidiary company in Australasia of the Radio Corporation of America.
Head Office: 221 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726361

First aboriginal to gain commission in army

LIEUT. and MRS. REG SAUNDERS, with Mrs. Saunders' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Banfield, and their younger daughter, Myrtle, in the garden of their home at Cheltenham, Victoria.

ON LEAVE. Lieut. Saunders meets his wife's Australian terrier pup, Lassie. Before her discharge Mrs. Saunders was ACW Dorothy Banfield, W.A.A.A.F.

IN NEW UNIFORM. Lieut. Reg Saunders, first Australian aboriginal to gain a commission in the A.I.F. He served in the Middle East, Greece, and New Guinea.

Men he fought beside call him the "whitest man in the A.I.F."

By MARY COLES

Lieutenant Reg Saunders, of Victoria, the first aboriginal to gain his commission in the Australian Army, was known to his comrades of the famous 17th Brigade as the "whitest man in the A.I.F."

He puzzled natives in the Middle East, who used to rub their fingers over his face to find out if he were a "Dinkum Aussie." They thought his color would rub off.

"THERE is not a man in the brigade who wouldn't be proud to serve under Reg Saunders," said a captain who served in the same battalion in the Middle East.

"They all think the world of him."

This is easily understood. Tall, with broad shoulders setting off his slim, athletic build, Lieut. Saunders has a simple dignity which inspires confidence.

His keen intelligence is matched by his puckish humor. He is completely unself-conscious and boyishly enthusiastic.

Lieut. Saunders is intensely proud of his soldiering blood.

His boyhood dream was to become a soldier, like his father, Mr. Chris. Saunders, of Portland, Victoria, who is a Gallipoli veteran, and he was named after his great-uncle, Reg Rawlins, who was killed in the last war after winning the Military Medal in France.

"I liked being a soldier from the day I joined the A.I.F., and the novelty has never worn off," he told me when I met him with his bride, formerly Dorothy Banfield, of the W.A.A.A.F., at her parents' home at Cheltenham, Victoria.

They were married last April. Mrs. Saunders' maternal grandparents were Cingalese and Australian aboriginal.

Her father, Mr. George Banfield, is an Australian, who is very proud of the fact that his father was also an Anzac.

The beginning of the Saunders' romance was tinged with sadness.

It began when Dorothy Banfield wrote to Reg Saunders, then a sergeant in New Guinea, expressing sympathy when his brother, Harry, was killed at Buna.

Harry Saunders had been entertained by the Banfield family, who were living at Bowden, in South Australia, when he was billeted in Adelaide on his return from the Middle East.

Reg and Dorothy later exchanged snaps of each other, and kept up a correspondence.

They met for the first time when Reg came home on leave some months later.

Before going back to his unit, he went along by himself to a jeweller's shop and chose a diamond engagement ring.

He then made his proposal to Dorothy, and produced the ring.

His judgment had been right . . . and the ring fitted.

Delayed honeymoon

THEY had a Service wedding six months later at St. Matthew's Church of England, Prahran.

There was little time for a honeymoon in April, and so they decided to postpone it until after Reg had been through his officers' training school.

At the O.T.S. Cadet-Officer Saunders treasured a telegram from the colonel of his regiment, which read: "Saunders, get your commission or don't come back."

He got it all right, and finished in the leading ten of the 33 candidates.

Lieut. Saunders then took his bride off just before Christmas to spend their delayed honeymoon in the Portland district, the home of his tribal forebears.

Here one of the proudest women in Australia was his grandmother, Mrs. J. Arden, of Lake Condah, who mothered him when his own mother died. He was then four years old.

"She is a wonderful woman," Lieut. Saunders said.

GALLIPOLI VETERAN Mr. Chris Saunders, with his two soldier sons, Lieut. Reg Saunders and younger son, Harry (right), who was killed at Buna.

"Harry and I were brought up very strictly," he recalled. "Early to bed and no picture shows, but the discipline was good for character training.

"I left school when I got my Qualifying Certificate, and 'went bush.' But this was only six miles away, where I took a job sawmilling at Milltown.

"In those days I had the idea of owning a mill myself eventually.

"But now my ideas have changed. There are about a hundred different things I consider doing after the war. But it's no good planning or even thinking about them until this war has been won.

"But when I do settle it will be right here," he said, raising his right arm above his head, bringing it down with a swoop, and tapping the earth with his index finger.

"There is no place in the world like Australia."

Lieut. Saunders and his father-in-law share a devotion for racing. "But to the detriment of my pocket, I'm afraid," he admitted.

"When it comes to pastimes, I think there's no game in the world like bridge. It can be so scientific.

"Still, football is the best of the lot."

He inherited his love for football from his father, a champion athlete and renowned Western District footballer in his youth.

Lieut. Saunders' football trophies include a silver football standing between silver goal-posts on a wooden stand, 500 cigarettes ("They didn't last long," he confided), a brush and comb set, a silver sugar basin, and a silver cream jug.

V.C. WINNER Lieut. Tom Derrick and Lieut. Reg Saunders congratulate each other after gaining commissions at the same officers' training school.

Soldier pal

BASKETBALL is his wife's strong point. She captained the Sturt Street team in Adelaide as a schoolgirl, and is a member of the Arunta team, which was formed last year by native girls in Melbourne.

Lieut. Saunders' greatest friend, Private Mick Baxter, of Malvern, Victoria, was killed in New Guinea.

"If the Japs hadn't got him when he made a magnificently courageous attempt to clean up a pit on The Pimple, Australia would now have 15 instead of 14 V.C. winners," he told me.

"Even when he was shot he kept on firing his tommy-gun into the pit until he fell riddled with bullets.

"Mick Baxter and I were mates from the time I first joined the Army.

"He was a wonderful example of what a soldier should be.

"He taught me all the unwritten laws of soldiering that couldn't be learnt from lectures."

Reg Saunders also fought in the Crete rearguard action, and spent a year in hiding on the island. He and another man were befriended by a very poor peasant woman, who fed and clothed them and helped to arrange their escape.

They had some pretty close calls in Crete.

"Once our little village was surrounded by Nazis. My mate was temporarily captured, and I just escaped.

"My hair stood on end for a fortnight after that," he said.

After returning from the Middle East Reg Saunders went to New Guinea, where he had months of jungle fighting.

As a sergeant he took command of a platoon for five months when his officer became a casualty.

Characteristic of his simplicity are his "chief likes" in addition to being a soldier . . . hot weather, outdoor sport, nice food (especially steamed puddings and trifle), reading, and being an optimist.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726362

Editorial

JANUARY 6, 1945

A NEW DEAL FOR DOMESTICS

BRITAIN'S Labor Minister (Mr. Ernest Bevin) has a plan to raise domestic service to a higher level.

It is a practical scheme, which provides for proficient trainees to graduate from domestic science colleges as State-registered workers.

Wages and hours will be fixed on a scale much better than those ruling now.

As well, there is to be a campaign to break down housewives' superiority complex toward their maids.

These measures should go far toward making conditions for domestic workers much happier.

But it will not make the post of housemaid more attractive to most girls than jobs in shops, offices, and factories.

Their preference for these fields is readily understandable.

The girl who enters some commercial concern enters a community life where there are fellow-workers of both sexes among whom she can find friends and sweethearts. There are picnics, parties, clubs.

The girl who works in someone else's kitchen is a lonely figure. Not one of the family circle, she has no ready means of making friends.

If the post-war world provides community centres and youth organisations to which young people of a district gravitate, then loneliness may cease to be the great disadvantage of the domestic worker.

Till then this calling seems to attract mainly the "over forty-fives," who are satisfied with a quiet life.

BOYS AND GIRLS who left school last year have a wide choice of jobs before them now.

Leaving school? There's a job waiting

FOR every boy and girl who left school last year in N.S.W. there is a job waiting.

At the end of the school holidays, it is estimated that more than 35,000 will register at their local Manpower offices.

None of these boys and girls will be encouraged to stay at home.

"Helping Mummy in the home" can no longer be considered as a job unless there is some good reason, such as sickness.

The Director of Manpower (Mr. Bellemore) said in an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly that there is an urgent need for the services of every young person for the war effort.

"Wartime production has made such tremendous demands on labor that it is necessary for the Manpower authorities to know what resources it can draw on for this year," he said.

Each one of these young people has a considerable freedom of choice of his or her future job or career, but many will find it hard to make up their minds, since so many different avenues of employment have been opened up.

Thousands will go into industry, others will learn shorthand, typing, and bookkeeping to fit them for the commercial world; some will go on to study at the Universities, and others will choose a career in music or art, according to their ability.

The clothing industry requires thousands of workers, particularly women. This industry is in such urgent need of labor that a campaign throughout the schools was organised to interest young people who were about to leave.

In this industry girls, irrespective of age, can soon earn adult wages according to their skill.

Girls who wish to become nurses must, of course, wait till they are 18 before they can become trainees, and many of them in the period before they can commence take temporary jobs. For mental hospitals the trainee age is 17.

One of the greatest shortages in hospitals exists on the domestic side. The Manpower Department, in a recent move to stimulate interest in this type of work, arranged a series of free classes on hospital cooking for girls already employed at hospitals.

In the future, however, these classes will also be open to girls who wish to do domestic work in hospitals and institutions. The courses are arranged by hospital dietitians.

Any girls who wish to do domestic work in private homes would not be permitted to take such positions unless in a doctor's home, or in one where sickness necessitates extra help.

There are hundreds of jobs waiting for women in food and tobacco factories, food-processing establishments, and many are needed as laboratory assistants.

But no girls may go into retail stores unless under a Manpower direction, since stores are allowed a quota of employees and may only replace them. Florists' shops are considered as retail stores.

Apprenticeship in trades such as hairdressing and beauty shops is not encouraged, because there are so many other essential jobs to be filled.

But the individual case comes into consideration also.

For example, in a country town there may be only one vacant job. If that were in a hairdressing establishment, the applicant may be allowed to take it.

But if at the same time the district hospital badly needed a domestic worker, then the hospital position would have to be filled first.

Where last batch went

FIGURES on the children who left the State schools at the end of 1943 give a clear picture of how the various industries, trades, and occupations absorb the new workers.

These are from the annual report of the Education Department, and were recently tabled in the State Parliament.

Trades absorbed the highest percentage of boys, and the smallest, .3 per cent., went into mining. Before the war mining took a much larger number.

The percentages who commenced work in various occupations are as follows:—

Professional, 1 per cent.; Public Service, including railways, 5 per cent.; clerks and shop assistants, 16 per cent.; trades, 21 per cent.; pastoral and agricultural pursuits, 10.7 per cent.; mining, .3 per cent.; factory hands, 8.9 per cent.; miscellaneous skilled occupations, 3.4 per cent.; unskilled, 20.9 per cent.

Of the remainder, many went into the Services, took up occupations not known, or were unemployed.

The girls went into the different trades in the following strength:

Professional, 1 per cent.; Public Service, 3.2 per cent.; commercial, 16.5 per cent.; apprenticeships with skilled trades, such as dressmaking and millinery, 3.2 per cent.; shops, 15 per cent.; factories, 7 per cent.; domestic service, 4 per cent.; miscellaneous, 5.3 per cent.; and home duties, unknown occupations, or unemployed, 44.8 per cent.

The Manpower Department works in close collaboration with the Vocational Guidance Bureau of the State Department of Labor and Industry and Social Services.

Interesting People

CAPT. JUANITA STRYKER

. . . service in Philippines

ONE of first ten members of American Women's Army Corps sent to Philippines, Captain Juanita Stryker commands detachment of W.A.C. being established on Leyte. Formerly on staff, Director, W.A.C., in Washington, she was among first group of W.A.C. officers to arrive South-west Pacific area. Later commanded detachment at forward base in New Guinea.

LT.-COMDR. G. H. GILL

. . . naval historian

RECENTLY appointed naval historian by Commonwealth Government. Lieut.-Commander G. H. Gill, M.B.E., V.D., (R.A.N.V.R.), will write the naval volumes for Australia's official war history. Former Melbourne journalist and writer, he is at present in charge of naval historical records section, Navy Office. Served throughout last war as officer in Merchant Service. Joined R.A.N.V.R. in 1927.

MISS L. BURTON

. . . Y.W.C.A., Middle East

NEW Director, British Y.W.C.A. War Services in Middle East, Palestine, Iran, and Iraq, Miss Louise Burton, of Melbourne, will shortly take up duty. Work includes supervising establishment of leave houses, recreation clubs and centres for Allied servicewomen. For past five years, as general secretary, Melbourne Y.W.C.A., Miss Burton has been largely responsible for organising association's war services there.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726363

Dutch warship, with nameless crew, fights on

SAILOR serving in the Dutch warship Tromp chipping rust, one of the jobs done while the ship was in port for a refit.

THIS YOUNG Dutch sailor of the Tromp, who comes from the Indies, rings the ship's bell. The Tromp has had many lucky escapes during sea action.

THE CAPTAIN of the Tromp shows the picture of Queen Wilhelmina which carries a metal splinter that cut into the portrait during a battle.

No home port for these men of Royal Netherlands Navy

By BETTY NESBIT

For the men of a Dutch warship recently in Australian waters there is no home port because their countries, Holland and the Dutch East Indies, are enemy occupied territory.

Like the ghostly figure of sea legend, the Flying Dutchman, their ship silently sails the oceans of the world, exiled from home until the fight is over—and won.

SHORE LEAVE for a corporal-engineer. The Dutch uniform is distinctive with brief jacket and cap, with streamers at back.

THEN, and only then, will their ship drop anchor in the familiar harbors of Rotterdam, Flushing, Amsterdam, in Holland, or Sourabaya or Tandjok Priok in the Dutch East Indies.

The name of the ship is the Tromp, but the officers and men must remain nameless for fear of reprisals against their wives, parents, children, and sweethearts, living under the domination of the enemy.

Since 1942, after the fall of the Dutch East Indies, the ship has operated in Australian waters, and men of the Royal Netherlands Navy in their picturesque uniforms, with brief jackets, rows of brass buttons, and caps with tiny streamers at the back, have become familiar figures in the city streets.

For many of them their arrival in Australian ports has meant romance. Of the ship's company, 86 have married Australian girls, 80 men and six officers.

Many of them now have children, all of whom have been christened with Dutch names.

When the Tromp recently arrived in an Australian port for her annual refit I spent a day on board to talk to these men, who, since the beginning of the Japanese war, have fought alongside Australian, American, and British warships in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and joined in daring raids on Jap-held ports in the Indies.

In the comfortable wardroom, furnished simply with chrome steel chairs with well-worn leather seats, I lunched with the ship's officers.

Javanese boys, wearing, not the traditional white coats of stewards, but wartime uniform of khaki shorts and shirts, waited silently on the table and served a typical Dutch lunch of cold pork, a hot dish of beetroot cooked in creamy sauce, boiled potatoes, and the meat gravy which always accompanies Dutch dishes.

Pancakes and treacle finished off the meal.

On the table were two slender metal stands bearing silken Dutch and British flags.

In a glass cabinet is a pair of fine silver candlesticks, which were presented to the ship the day she was launched in Amsterdam. Before the war they were always placed on the table during special festivities.

They have not been used since the war began, and it is hoped that the next time candles are alight in them will be the day that peace is declared.

Next to me sat a young lieutenant. On one of his arms were angry-looking scars. These were the marks left by beatings in a Nazi prison camp in Holland.

"The ones on my back are worse," he said grimly.

This young man, in his early twenties, tall and handsome, had been in Europe until last year, when he at last escaped.

His family, a well-known one, is scattered round the world—his father a prisoner of war in Java; his 15-year-old sister at school in Adelaide; and a brother working in a German labor camp.

When the invasion came in 1940 Lieutenant X was a midshipman in the Royal Netherlands Navy and was at a naval school in Holland.

In 1942 he tried to escape from Holland to England in a fishing boat, but was caught and put in prison.

He escaped again and got into Switzerland. From there he crossed the border into France.

"Finally, I got to the south of France and walked across the Pyrenees, being without food for days at a time," he said.

"When I got over the border I was taken prisoner by the Spanish and put into another prison. The conditions were terrible, no food and constant ill-treatment. There were 16,000 in this particular prison.

"After some time I was released, made my way to Lisbon, and from there I got a ship to England."

On his arrival in England the lieutenant was decorated by Queen Wilhelmina with the Cross of Service.

At this time he did not know what had happened to his schoolgirl sister.

She was, however, in Australia, where she had come from Java at the outbreak of the Japanese war. She happened to see in a Dutch newspaper the story of his decoration, and immediately cabled him.

When he was assigned to the Tromp later he came to Australia, and recently brother and sister met in a joyful reunion after eight years.

The Tromp is known in the navy as a "lucky ship." She is one of the few to have escaped from the N.E.I. during the Japanese invasion.

At the beginning of 1944, the Tromp was sent to join the Eastern Fleet, under Admiral Somerville, and since then has been in raids on Sabang, Sourabaya, and Padang, in the Indies.

At Sabang her job was to sail in close to the land and shell shore batteries.

During this raid she was hit four times. One live shell landed on top of one of the boilers, but it luckily did not explode.

The chief petty-officer donned an asbestos suit and crawled on to the top, picked up the shell, and carried it to a porthole and dropped it out.

The same happened in the galley, where a shell was rolling about the deck until one of the sailors picked it up.

Portion of a three-inch shell which hit the quarter-deck is now used as a paper-weight on the gunnery-officer's desk.

OFFICERS at lunch in the wardroom. The names of officers and men cannot be disclosed as it might lead to reprisals against their families.

THE ONLY English officer on board (right), Lieut. Terence Traill, and a fellow officer examine a piece of shell, a souvenir of a battle.

THIS SAILOR is one of the 80 on board who have married Australian girls. Many of them hope to settle here when the war is over.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726364

What's on your mind?

Women must be at peace table

AS a young wife who has had to suffer weary months of separation from my husband through this war, I feel sure that all women who have had my experience desire a world at peace above all else.

I have talked this over with other wives of servicemen, and we all agree that apart from the anxiety for our husbands' safety and the loneliness, we have been unable to raise those families which the older generation accuse us of not wanting.

For these reasons I suggest that one woman be chosen to represent each nation at the Peace Conference.

We women have had enough of war. It is high time we were given a say in world affairs. It is the women who really suffer, and I think we should do all in our power to see that women are represented at a people's peace conference.

Perhaps a meeting of all women's organisations could be convened to plan a joint campaign on the matter. It is a practical way in which women could help to win the peace at this eleventh hour.

£1 to Mrs. P. D. Fox, 81 Fitzroy St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Coupons for sheets

AS imports of linen to Australia are supposed to have increased, surely the Rationing Commission could reduce the coupon rating for sheets.

Housewives have few coupons left for clothing when they have to part with such a large number for even one pair of sheets, pillowslips, and towels.

5/- to Mrs. R. Jukes, 2 Acacia St., Elsternwick, Vic.

Servicegirl problem

MUCH has been said of post-war reconstruction, but to my mind the question to be most considered is how to rehabilitate the women who at present are in the Services.

They have lived an outdoor life, learned many mechanical tricks in the way of repairing cars, trucks, etc., signalling, and all other work connected with war activities. When they should have been trained in the keeping of a home and managing its finances, and the rearing of children, they have been hurled into quite a masculine life.

Many of them will have no desire to settle into the humdrum of everyday home life, unless every convenience and comfort is given them, and it is up to the Government to see that as far as possible the homes to which they may return are as up to date and attractive as possible.

Unless this is done, we are going to be very short of housewives.

5/- to Mrs. Betty Craig, Valpre, Palace St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Post-war hospitals

IT should be worth while conducting a thorough investigation into all our hospital facilities with the idea of not only making any immediate improvements that are possible, but also of determining the most effective plan for post-war hospitalisation.

Quite obviously it is not possible to have fully equipped hospitals in every suburb, but it should be possible to have many more district hospitals sufficiently equipped to handle the bulk of normal cases, and to have more decentralised hospitals for special cases.

5/- to Robert K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush West, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Women jockeys

SINCE this war started women have taken the place of men in all walks of life, but for some reason it has never been suggested that women take the place of male jockeys.

There are plenty women riders

who could acquit themselves well at Randwick, Flemington, and elsewhere, adding even greater interest to horseracing, and at the same time releasing more men for more important war work. Failing approval of such revolutionary step, I suggest that now and then racing clubs should put on a race for lady riders, say, on Ladies' Day.

5/- to A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

No Eastern amahs

IS Mr. J. Somerville Smith, Director of More Babies Campaign (16/12/'44), really in earnest when he proposes as a remedial measure the introduction of 12,000 Indian and Chinese girls to act as nursemaids?

Much as home help is needed, and as much as it would perhaps alleviate the lot of over-tired mothers, the introduction of the girls would ultimately end in racial conflict.

It is unlikely that many of the 12,000 would not marry and have children during their five years of service here.

If Mr. Smith would appreciate a polyglot population with its attendant possibilities of racial friction let him, by all means, import his nursegirls.

5/- to W. B. Hunt, 134 Dendy St., Brighton, Vic.

Bare legs

SOMETHING that has impressed me very much is the fact that women of all ages are doing without stockings.

Probably this is caused by the shortage of supplies, but they must feel cool and healthy, and it is hoped they do not go back to the old habit.

Now take the so-called he-man. We are expected to wear socks almost every hour of the day, and even those wearing shorts (presumably for coolness) are decked out in heavy stockings to the knee.

Why have we not the courage to wear sandals or shoes without socks. The climate of Queensland is hot, and then some, but most of us still stick to dress more appropriate for Tasmania.

5/- to "Just a Man," Bundaberg, Qld.

Baby shows cause bitterness

I THINK all baby shows should be abolished. One was recently held in a district where I was holidaying.

Every mother worked frightfully hard to have her baby looking the "sweetest thing in the world." The prizes were awarded, and one would have thought that all would be well—but no, far from it. Each mother (and most naturally) thought her own child should have been the prize-winner, and to feel that her next-door neighbor's child was considered a much better child made her feel very broken-hearted and affronted.

This show created much bitterness in the district, and I have been told by a sister of a nursery clinic that these shows have a very disturbing effect on both mothers and children, and it is time such nonsense was done away with.

5/- to Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney.

Smooth kerb ends

IT is about time that the kerbs at the ends of streets were sloped off.

It is a common sight to see women out shopping spending half their time and energy lifting and putting their prams, plus infants and groceries, over kerbs well over six inches in height.

Irritations and inconveniences such as this take a lot of the delight out of giving junior his airing.

As far as I can see, no practical purpose is served or safety measure involved in having these precipices at every corner.

5/- to Mrs. G. Best, 75a Ocean St., Woollahra, N.S.W

Continuing We Did See the Cottage

from page 7

WE were both feeling pretty good when we finally got away.

"It's warm enough to have tea on the crazy paving bit outside the window. Just you and me, darling," Judy said, holding my arm rather more tightly than usual. "I've often thought of us having tea there in the sun."

We didn't feel much like walking back through the wood, so we went by the village, and the vicar came out just as we were passing the church and invited us into the vicarage for tea. Judy couldn't find any adequate words, so I headed him off by murmuring we were having someone in to tea.

"In that case," he said firmly, "we'll make it another day. I want to ask your advice about some Queen Anne spoons I picked up at a sale."

"Yes. Another day," Judy nodded brightly and we went on.

We found a golden-haired girl in very expensive tweeds sitting on our sofa. We all looked hostilely at each other without words.

"Do you know when Hank's getting back?" she asked at last. It dawned on Judy and me at the same moment that the girl thought Hank was still living here. Hank, we remembered, was the fair-haired, lanky one who had brought me the whisky. Judy smiled and told the girl about Hank now living at the mess.

"Can I use your telephone?" she said frozenly, and did so. Hank had been practising the Rebels' yell when we left. I did hope he'd stopped by now. Apparently he had—the girl said he was coming right down to collect her. We ended up by having them both to tea, but as the girl said it was chilly we had to wash out having tea on the crazy paving.

"Never mind, we'll do that tomorrow," Judy said, kissing the top of my head, the thin bit which I often hoped Judy's lipstick might fertilise.

Hank cornered me when I went to fill up the teapot and said he was in the most awkward hole—there was just nowhere in the village for the girl to sleep . . . could we . . . did we mind . . . it would only be two nights.

Hank and his girl had supper with us, too. I had been planning to play the New World Symphony and sit with Judy listening to it. We had a wonderful recording of it. However, we could do that another night. The crowd came down from the mess with bottles of beer. Hank stayed the night with us and, one way and another, their stay lengthened to three nights and three hectic days. We didn't get much time to ourselves.

We were going our wood walk the morning after the girl left, but just as we were setting off Mrs. Haddon came in with some eggs, and we got talking and gave her a cup of coffee, which was the least we could do. There wasn't time to walk before lunch.

After lunch there was the washing up, we dozed a bit, and there didn't seem much point in walking before tea.

At least we could have Judy's tea. She'd made my special chocolate cake, and it was sunny outside. We'd got tea all set on a tray when the vicar's wife came in full of the glories of the day. We had to ask her to tea, and she asked didn't we think it was a bit chilly for it out of doors? Judy looked as though her morale were giving, but there was nothing we could do.

The real reason for the vicar's wife's visit was, would I say a few words on "the war at sea" at the Women's Institute that night? I said no, very firmly. Then she talked about patriotism and first-hand information, how many wrong impressions I could correct, and all their Victory Week money was going towards a new destroyer, and wasn't I a destroyer man?

In the end I found myself scheduled to speak at eight o'clock that night. Lord knew what I should say. Judy was making noises like a barrage balloon deflating.

Anyway we'll have our walk today, I thought, pulling the curtain back next morning; the symphony to-night. They had all become quite absurdly important because we had not been able to do them. Time was getting on.

We finished our chores and Judy went upstairs to put on thick shoes and a sweater and I was hunting in the cupboard under the stairs for a favorite stick of mine when the bell went. The woman with the red hair, who lives in one of the cottages, said could she possibly use our phone, their evacuee was having a baby and she wanted to get in touch with the hospital.

The hospital wouldn't take the girl in until the last possible moment, could she come and use the phone later? Of course.

"In that case," Judy said defiantly, "we can't leave the house. She may want to come any time." I suggested leaving the cottage open, but Judy said she wasn't going to have her silver pinched. As this amounted to a beer mug and a cruet I didn't see the point. However, we ended by pottering round the cottage feeling frustrated. As it happened, the woman didn't use the phone until three o'clock.

Judy was pouring out some soup when the journalist arrived. He was from the local paper, and had heard I'd got the D.S.O. Could he have a photograph? Judy was cross and wouldn't believe I hadn't known about the D.S.O. I had to get into uniform and pose for the man, with Judy, and then we had to ask him to lunch because he had already seen the soup.

He stayed for hours. Judy at last shooed him down the garden path deftly talking of flowers, then the car drew up. There were shrieks of greeting from a Wren friend of Judy's who had married a lieut.-commander. He had a spot of petrol and as they were honeymooning in the local market town they thought it would be fun to drive over to see us.

We gave them tea, we entertained them to supper and they lingered lovingly over their coffee. We waved them good-bye a bit too hurriedly, for the car refused to start. I don't like cars, but I mucked about in the engine with no more effect than a splutter. It was only later we discovered it had run out of petrol. They stayed the night.

Judy woke up at six next morning and said: "I'm going to be ill!" I looked at her anxiously and she giggled. "If we tell them I'm ill they'll go early," she said desperately. "We'll have to-day to ourselves. We don't seem to get anything done we planned . . ."

She was suddenly in tears. I kissed her on the nose and later spread the awful news to two borrowed dressing-gowns that Judy wasn't feeling too good.

It worked. I took the husband along to Mr. Haddon to borrow some petrol. Mr. Haddon asked after Judy and as the other bloke was there I had to say she wasn't too good.

We got our guests safely out of the way when Mrs. Haddon turned up with some honey, and said Judy was to stay in bed and she'd cook the lunch. No arguments against this arrangement availed. I persuaded her against seeing Judy in case it turned out to be infectious, then fled upstairs to tell Judy the awful truth.

Judy said comfortingly we'd slip out after lunch. But Mrs. Haddon told the village. The doctor's wife called and said her husband would come as soon as he left the hospital. The vicar's wife came and said was there anything she could do, she'd heard Judy had scarlet fever? Mr. Haddon was going into town, could he get us anything at the chemist?

I was pretty exhausted when the American avalanche descended, having read the evening paper—a D.S.O. sure needed celebrating. Judy crept down in a scarlet housecoat to celebrate, too.

AT midnight, when everyone had gone, Judy said: "Let's do most things we've planned now!"

"It's a bit late," I mumbled, putting my feet up on the mantelpiece.

"But if we don't do them now, when no one's about, we'll never do them. We'll go up to the woods, and we'll come back and play the symphony, and we'll have bacon and eggs and coffee, and sleep all tomorrow, and wake up in time for tea on the crazy paving . . ." Judy finished breathlessly. "Darling, do let's." Judy has an inspiring effect when she wants something very badly.

I put on an old sweater and Judy changed into trousers, jersey, and coat. We crept out. It was a brilliant, starlit night. The bombers were going over, their navigation lights showing like cascades of colored stars.

We crossed two fields and stumbled into rabbit-holes. I leaned over the last gate and looked at the wood. It was dark and eerie.

"Come on," Judy urged, "now we've got here." She held my arm tightly and went forward. You couldn't see the color of the primroses, you could only feel that the undergrowth was full of things you couldn't see. I could have sworn something moved. Judy gave a cry and buried her nose in my chest.

A figure got up and shook its battledress free of grass. Mr. Haddon looked at us aghast. Were we mad? Judy would catch her death of cold in her state. With dignity he told us there was a Home Guard manoeuvre on. We fled.

We arrived back at the cottage too breathless for bacon, too tired for the symphony.

Next morning we packed our suitcases, left a note for the Fortress pilot, and caught the early train to London. Judy said she couldn't go on being ill, and anyway she just couldn't face Mrs. Haddon after last night.

Once again we took refuge in anonymity, among the hotel steaks.

Still, as Judy pointed out much later, we did see the cottage.

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726365

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

FORTUNE should smile on many people during the early weeks of 1945. The stars should be predominantly favorable for most Taurians, Virgoans, and Capricornians, and for many Scorpions and Piscean.

These people should plan ahead and try to reach desired goals, start new ventures and make changes.

People born under the signs Aries, Libra, and Cancer, however, may find things somewhat harassing. They are advised to live quietly and avoid changes, discord, partings.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be discreet, avoiding changes, discord, upsets, rashness now, especially January 5 (late), and January 6 and 7. Let important matters wait over for some weeks.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Keep busy now. January 4 (to 3 p.m.) very good, then fair to 10 p.m. January 5 (to noon) good; then poor to 2 p.m. Portions of January 8 and 9 tricky, so be cautious then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): January 6 (from 9 a.m. to noon) and January 7 (early afternoon) very fair, yet avoid big risks or changes now. Routine best.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Be guarded now. An element of separation, loss, upset, adverse changes, opposition, and dismay can beset your affairs, especially on January 5, 6, and 7. Take no risks, avoid discord. January 8 and 9 may seem deceptively helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): This week should be quite favorable for minor affairs for many Leonians, especially January 6 (forenoon), January 7 (midday hours), and January 8 (to 4 p.m.) Utilise wisely, not rashly.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Opportunities possible now, so seek desired changes, favors, promotions, and gains. January 4 (to 3 p.m.) good; late evening, poor. January 5 (before 9 a.m.), January 8 (to 4 p.m.), and January 9 (midday hours) good.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Beware difficulties, worries, arguments, delays now, especially on January 5, 6, and 7. A time for care in speech and action, good humor, and much wisdom. Improvements soon. Plan ahead.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): This can prove quite a fortunate week, so plan wisely, and work hard. January 4 (to 3 p.m.) good; late evening, poor. January 5 (to 9 a.m.) good; midday, poor. January 6 (midday hours) very fair. January 8 (to 4 p.m.) very good. January 9 (all midday hours) good. Utilise fully.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Stress semi-important matters now. January 6 (forenoon), January 8 (to 4 p.m.), and January 9 (forenoon to 3 p.m.) all quite good.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Speed up work along desired channels. Successful conclusions are possible now. Seek gains, changes, and favors. January 4 (to 3 p.m.) very good, poor after 9 p.m. January 5, 6, and 7 tricky. January 8 (to 4 p.m.) very good. January 9 (midday) good.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): On January 5 and 9 beware loss and opposition or adverse changes. But January 6 (forenoon) and January 7 (noon to 2 p.m.) both quite good for minor projects. Plan ahead.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 4 and 5 (to noon) can be unreliable and upsetting. January 8 (to 4 p.m.) very good. January 9 (forenoon to 3 p.m.) good. Stress semi-important matters now.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"You'll never be late with this clock—it does an hour every 15 minutes!"

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Mandrake's one love, are in Washington, where Mandrake was called to investigate the disappearance of some people. They are asked to a masquerade ball by a mysterious man,
BARON KORD: Who wants to marry Narda. Kord sent a car for them at 2 p.m., and they were driven to an airfield. Both thought the early hour curious, and were further disturbed to find that the chauffeur is dumb. Kord's private plane is waiting.

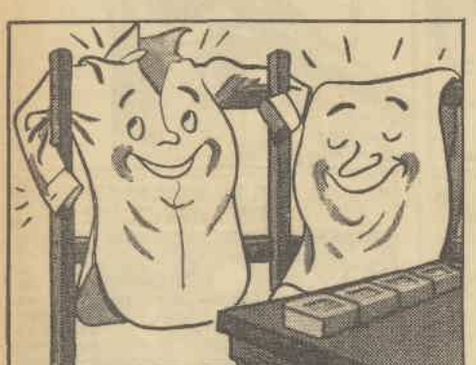
NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726366

How to GUARD YOUR COUPONS and make linens last longer

1 **Her mind is on a new hat** but her coupons are going on new pillowslips. Why, oh why, do her linens go thin and wear out so quickly? The answer's in the wash-tub.

2 **It's when you have to scrub clothes** to make up for weak, wishy-washy lather, that you damage and weaken threads. Then a sudden pull or strain and r-rip, they're ready for the rag-bag!



3 **With Velvet Soap** there's no need for such harsh treatment. Its extra soapy suds wheedle out all the dirt with just a light rub or two. Even grimy towels and shirts come up bright and perky.

4 **Now you've coupons to spare** for that hat and dress you really need. Velvet makes clothes last to a ripe old age. Velvet helps you with your coupon-planning. Isn't it time you used Velvet?

VELVET SOAP

Its extra soapy suds save clothes and coupons

V.119.1

Aunt Jenny's real life stories

FOLKS! I'LL BE ON THE AIR REGULARLY FROM NEXT MONDAY. MY STORIES ARE ABOUT REAL PEOPLE, JUST LIKE YOU. AT LEAST ONE NEW STORY BEGINS EVERY WEEK

A few of the stories you'll hear: Six Months to Live, Convict's Wife, Stage Struck, Family Tyrant, The Stepson who Learned to Love his Step-mother.

More fascinating than any fiction are the real-life stories which Aunt Jenny will bring to you every Monday to Friday, starting January 8th. Dramas of love, mystery, adventure—played by the cream of Australia's radio talent. And these stories are not long, endless serials; some of them will be completed in two or three episodes—but never do they run for longer than a week. Start taking your morning tea with Aunt Jenny at 11 a.m. next Monday morning.

11 a.m. Mon.—Fri.

See local programmes for Stations

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. A.J.1.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726367

War prisoners' many interests

Men still write cheerfully, and letters comfort anxious parents

Prisoners of war write cheerfully of their many interests.

They tell of raising thousands of pounds for Red Cross, running their own night-club, walks in the country, cricket matches, the blessing of having work to do, and the joy of receiving mail.

"THE highlight of the week has been our Red Cross Appeal. Our aim is £24,000," writes Lieut. John Hall, Oflag 79, to his mother at 19 Broad Arrow Road, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

"The bulk came from straight-out donations.

"Another source was auction sales, where as much as £50 was paid for 50 cigarettes, not that the person who got them wanted them. George Owens paid £20 for a painting of a dancing girl. Pairs of old socks brought £10. We do not know yet if the total was realised.

"Two Aussies cut hair for two marks a time. Raised £30.

"Another innovation is our night-club, the 'Nutmeg Grater.' It is a masterpiece of improvisation. It is in one of our attics. We have a snack bar, 22-piece orchestra, floor show, and Neon lights. The wall and stage are marvellously decorated."

Gnr. W. J. Diggins, taken prisoner in Timor with the 2/1 Heavy Battery, from Java Camp No. 2207, to his wife at 17 Julian St., Willoughby, N.S.W.:

"IT is very nice to be able to write a few words to you. After all things are not so bad, but would be a thousand times better if this war were to finish. I received two letters from you through the Red Cross. I am still well. Doing some work to keep me from worrying."

HEADING THEM at Stalag XVIIIA. The group includes Alf. Scott (second from left), son of Mrs. T. Scott, Beaufort St., Alderley, Qld.

ALL VICTORIANS. These fellow prisoners at Stalag VIIIB, Germany, are all Victorians. Centre back row is Pte. James O'Donohue. Photo sent by Mrs. J. O'Donohue, mother of Pte. O'Donohue, Best St., Belgrave, Vic.

IN STALAG XIIIC. Prisoners at Stalag XIIIC, Germany. Included in the group is Pte. Arthur Wright (on right at back), whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wright, Springwood, Dubbo, N.S.W., have since been notified of his death in camp.

Sgt. H. L. Rasmussen, P.O.W. in Germany, to his daughter, Mrs. N. B. Miller, P.O., Nhill, Vic.:

"HOW happy I am to get your letters. Mail day and Red Cross parcel day are the big events in our life. Knowing we are not forgotten has helped us through many a dark day.

"Twice a week we go for a three-mile walk into the country. We have a guard with us, but it is great just to be out of the barbed wire if only for a short while."

Pte. Frank Ogden, repatriated P.O.W., to his mother at 120 Victoria St., Potts Point, N.S.W.:

"WE arrived in Sweden a few days ago and were given a tremendous welcome by the people. In fact they forgot nothing. There were brass bands, speeches, cheering, food, drink. I will leave it to your imagination. I can't describe the joy, laughter, and happiness we all felt surging up within us.

"A few hours later we were placed aboard special Red Cross ambulance trains and transported across country to our port of embarkation.

"We expect to spend at least a month in Blighty before leaving for home.

"After being a P.O.W. for three and a half years and then suddenly finding yourself a free man, it leaves you a little bit stunned."

L/Sgt. A. J. Pendrill, Stalag XIIIC, Germany, to his wife at 9 Acland St., St. Kilda, Vic.:

"DR. IAN McDONALD, known to all Australian prisoners in Stalag XIIIC, Germany, as 'Dr. Mac,' was in charge of the Reserve Lazarette Hospital for nearly three years. He has now been repatriated to England owing to ill-health. During this period hundreds of Aussies passed through his hands, and though in a deal of pain himself he was untiring in his efforts to restore sick and sorry men. Not only to good health, but also to good spirits."

F/Lt. A. R. Mulligan, D.F.C., Stalag Luft 3, Germany, to his mother at 366 Unwin's Bridge Rd., Tempe, N.S.W.:

"CRICKET is providing sport for quite a number of people, but we are short of equipment and space. By constantly repairing the bits and pieces we have managed to keep going."

M. G. Stuckbury, P.O.W. in Germany, to his mother at Brundee, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE just had dinner. A light meal to-day, curried stew and vegs., with stewed prunes and custard. It was very tasty. For breakfast we had scrambled eggs and meat roll. For tea it will be lettuce, celery, and salmon."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

The Greatest of These

Continued from page 5

SHE did not look at either Pete Drummond or Martin Street. She was wrapping the rain-cape about her as she crossed the room; then she was gone in the wake of the big man, who had not waited for her. Martin Street inhaled deeply and raised his eyes to meet those of Pete Drummond.

"That fellow who landed here last night," they both knew, was a Japanese bomber pilot whose plane had caught fire while he was bombing the hospital compound. He had parachuted down in the dark, but the tree that his body hit had been less merciful than the men who found him. He was pretty badly torn.

There was silence for a moment, then Pete Drummond slapped the pack of cards down upon the table with a violence that scattered them. "So she said that she wouldn't get up if God came into the room, didn't she? So God walked into the room and she got up. He walked into the room and she went out with Him, to spend the strength that she doesn't have any more on some Jap murderer. How do you like that?"

Martin Street bit his lower lip.

The other man gave him no time to react, to sort out his own feelings, his own thoughts.

"That shocks you, doesn't it?" he said. "All that you saw a minute ago was a half-dead sawbones calling on a worn-out nurse to give just a little bit more of herself. But the man you saw didn't matter. No man called that kid out of her chair. That was duty—devotion—something bigger than life or death or human selfishness. And she went, Padre. She went."

Martin Street's eyes were wide. All this from the hard-boiled Drummond! "You believe that?"

Pete Drummond moved his hand impatiently. "I don't use the same language as you do, Padre. Not for thinking or for talking. All I mean is that you're falling down on your job. Your job is being God, not for just a minute, like the doc, but twenty-four hours a day. You haven't got the guts to do it, Padre, so you're just no good to anyone."

Martin Street clenched his hands and felt the sweat in his palms. He did not flinch from this. In different language, it was precisely what he had told himself.

"What would you do, Pete?" he asked softly.

The other man looked at him sharply, then started to pick up the cards, embarrassed. "You couldn't tell me how to fly a Grumman, Padre."

"That's right. But perhaps you could navigate a little for me. I haven't been thinking about making men see God all round them. I've been trying to lift them out of themselves."

"You've been making explanations. A soldier doesn't give a hoot for explanations. A thing is or it isn't; never mind why. That's how a soldier thinks. If you make him feel that you stand for something that is, then you've got him."

"How?"

"For heaven's sake, Padre, you'll have me doing it for you next. I don't know. Maybe it's giving them less of this greatest-of-these-is-charity stuff. They've got charity all round them and they aren't nuts about it. Give 'em something that they've lost. Give 'em hope. You've got some of that in stock, haven't you?"

"Yes." Martin Street smiled, and there was nothing defeated or abashed in his smile. "And faith," he said.

There was a faint hum in the sky; dim, far away, a mere insect humming, all but drowned beneath the drumming rain. Instinctively, each man looked at his watch. This was it. The same time every night. Japs coming in before the dawn. Martin Street remembered that he had had a premonition, and now, through the lips of Pete Drummond, he had had a revelation.

His time, perhaps, was very short. He strode swiftly to the door and out into the rain.

The humming rose to a roar in one sweeping rush. Blotting out the stars with their black wings, the bombers came in from the east. Their bombs were dropping on the airport now, beyond the ridge. In a matter of seconds, bombs would be dropping here. Martin Street straightened his thin shoulders and strode toward the gas-gangrene building. There was a boy in there who would probably die to-night.

He was halfway across the clearing when the first bomb hit on the edge of the hospital clearing. Sane men were in foxholes or dugouts. To stand erect was to invite disaster.

Martin Street did not even look up into the sky in which Death rode. He was thinking of those three words of power—of the charity which surrounded these men who were hurt, of the hope that Pete Drummond said that they needed, of the faith which he, himself, must have:

FAITH! A fisherman had feared to walk upon the waters and his fear had weighed him down. Martin Street walked now where fury shook the earth and he held his eyes level. The bombers were overhead and the bombs were whistling down. He saw the door of the building before him. He had to be worthy of those men beyond it.

A step, another step; then he was inside the door, still unhurried, confident, calm. Men saw him, and the storm outside was suddenly less terrifying. He had been out there, yet he had not been running. He was not afraid.

Martin Street nodded to them, smiling, as he passed down the aisle of beds.

He came to a full stop beside the bed of the boy who was going to die. There was a nurse with him. Any second now a bomb might score a direct hit on this building and, if it did, it would find her here and deliver Death's invitation to her beside the bed of a patient who had no chance whatsoever.

The boy looked up at him. The last words that he had said to Martin Street were: "If your God walked right into this room, I wouldn't shake hands with Him." He was remembering now. His lips smiled faintly, but there was no retreat in his eyes.

Martin Street took his hand in his own. "God is coming into the room, son," he said.

The boy stared at him, then suddenly he stiffened. He was not looking at Martin Street, he was listening to something faint and far away.

"Hear them?" he said.

It was a second or so before Martin Street's ears heard "them" —the engines that sang a different note, the engines that suddenly snarled with diving wrath. The boy's fingers tightened on the fingers of the chaplain.

"Grummans, Padre," he said. "Ours. They've come. The fleet."

Excitement was rippling through the ward, but Martin Street kept his eyes on the grey face of the boy on the bed, the boy who could cheer for reinforcements that had come too late for him. He bent low above him.

"That's right, son. They came. It's always a man's last ounce of strength that calls the angels down. We were close to the last ounce, weren't we?"

The boy nodded weakly. "And you were right, Padre. God came into the room."

His fingers tightened and he raised Martin Street's hand with his own. He went out that way, shaking hands with God.

Martin Street turned away from the bed to a world that seemed weirdly still. He walked out into the rain.

SOMETHING burned on the side of the ridge, and two other somethings that might once have been bombers of Nippon were burning beyond the compound. There was flame, too, where a bomb had made a direct hit on the officers' club. Martin Street might have been there when it hit, if he had not been too busy to keep a rendezvous with premonition.

Pete Drummond came from somewhere to stand beside him in the rain. They stood together looking up at Grummans wheeling in the dawn-tinted sky, and there were tears rolling down the sun-toughened cheeks of the most blasphemous marine.

"Padre, they're beautiful," he said.

Martin Street nodded, and he remembered suddenly that he had a duty to the living no less than to the dead. "Yeah," he said, "but when we were interrupted I was just going to tell you something."

Some new quality in the chaplain's voice swung Drummond round and Martin Street's long finger stabbed him in the chest.

"You," he said, "are in love with a girl and you haven't got the guts to tell her so. You are too blind to see that she feels the same way about you. And she isn't quitting; she's just scared to death of a war because you're in it, and you couldn't chase her away from where you were with a crowbar. What she needs is a little faith out of you and a little hope for herself."

He wheeled away stiffly without waiting for a reply. He didn't need a reply. The one thing that he understood was people, and now he had a voice for his understanding. After this night he would be a better chaplain.

As he walked across the clearing his raincoat flapped round his thin legs and he raised his eyes to the stars. For the first time since he had put on the uniform, he walked in perfect understanding with his job.

(Copyright)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726368

WRECKED HOUSE after V2 rocket bomb fell in England recently. Civil Defence workers on scene.

FURNITURE being salvaged by Civil Defence workers from remains of this house after explosion.

HOMELESS family, gathered beside their few salvaged belongings, survey wreckage of home.

V2 BOMBS FELL HERE!

VICTIM of the rocket-bomb explosion is carried away on stretcher by rescue party of Civil Defence workers. Many lives have been lost in rocket blitz.

FIREMEN fighting flames on building. Most of the V2 rockets fired on England during the past weeks have come from The Hague, Holland.

SHATTERING effect of blast is shown in this picture. The V2 rocket bomb, which weighs 12 tons, has 2000lb. of high explosive in the warhead.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726369

RESCUE SQUADS arrive on scene immediately after explosion, to render first-aid and rush seriously injured to hospital. Here they are shown carrying away one of the victims.

THIS SAILOR, bombed out while home on leave, grins cheerfully as friend helps him to remove his luggage to new lodgings. Union Jack still flies—in sailor's cap.

SUBLIME COURAGE of Britishers under rocket bombs is exemplified by Mr. William Harrison, who, injured in the explosion which killed his wife, erects Union Jack in ruins of home.

RESIDENTS from bombed district inspect V2 bomb damage while Civil Defence workers clear wreckage.

HEAD BANDAGED, 59-year-old Mr. Harrison talks to a Civil Defence worker who has salvaged his mattress.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726370

Beneath...

. . . such a frock as this . . .

which New York houses offer this Season's Debs, in gaily striped seersucker, buttoned down the back, edged with pleated white pique and finished with a matching white cotton bolero . . . . .

Or a gown like this . . .

a Butterick pattern, offered to a discriminating New York clientele . . . in the new season's taffetas or rayon satin brocade, with moulded bodice, dashing peplum and sheath skirt . . . .

Or a model suit such as this . . .

which comes from Arnold Constable of 5th Avenue and is described thus — Double BLACK, dull and gleaming, slim costume to add to the already great importance of the most outstanding mid-season fashion. Coal black satin on crepe, spirited suit-dress with a frill of polished rayon satin ribbon, jet buttons.

The touch of *Genius* that has always belonged to

KAYSER

—the touch that expressed, as no words can do, the sheer joy of *feeling* just right —of *knowing* that your Lingerie—your Hosiery—your Gloves, WERE *just* right.

—the touch of genius, KAYSER have not lost it in these long years of limitation upon style, upon materials.

—the touch of genius, even now finds expression, *in spite of restrictions*, as you will find when you enquire for the garments illustrated above and briefly described below.

Kayser

The brand name that is a grand name the world over.

✱ Illustrated are KAYSER Brassiere Vess and Scantee. These two garments reflect the spirit of the times—right fitting, well tailored lingerie. KAYSER are also producing a limited quantity of Nightgowns and Pyjamas and here again the touch of genius is evident. This night wear has the KAYSER fabric, cut and finish; styling—though plain—is distinctive.

Of course they wear

GLOVES · HOSIERY · LINGERIE

KAYSER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726371

VBERRA INTEREST. Deputy High Commissioner United Kingdom, Mr. W. C. Hankinson, and rming wife on balcony of their Canberra home looking lovely garden. Couple are noted for r hospitality, and before coming to Sydney to d few days at Australia Hotel at festive season ey gave two cocktail parties at their home.

FANCY-DRESS PARTY. Wran Doris McMannis, Third-Officer Margaret Valle, Leading Wran "Jerry" Long attend fancy-dress Christmas party held at Wrannery, H.M.A.S. Kuttabul.

AIR FORCE WEDDING. Corporal Hugh Hordern, R.A.A.F. (Marine Section), and his bride, formerly Ruth Allnutt, of Macken, North Coast, with attendants, Hugh's brother, Lieut. Marsden Hordern, R.A.N.V.R.; Mrs. Maurice Johnson; flower-girl, bridegroom's niece, Ruth Horsley; and his father, Rev. F. Hugh Hordern, rector of St. Paul's, who officiated at ceremony.

On and Off Duty.

H IN SERVICES. Lieut. Cecil od, U.S. Army Air Corps, and bride, formerly Sergeant cky" Warner, W.A.A.A.F., who married recently at Sacred t Cathedral, Townsville. cky" is eldest daughter of Mr. Mrs. C. Warner, of Strathfield.

SPECIAL personal interest in arrival of Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in Australia for Colonel Rupert Ryan, of "Edrington," Berwick, Victoria.

He and his sister, Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of Governor of Bengal, are connection by marriage of the Duchess. Their late aunt, the former Ada Ryan, married the Duchess' great-uncle, the late Lord Charles Montagu Scott.

Colonel Ryan has personal acquaintance dating from childhood with the Duchess. Spent part of his early life at Boughton House, Kettering, Northamptonshire, one of the homes of the Duke of Buccleuch—the Duchess' father.

Lady Knox, of Melbourne, is also a connection by marriage. Her mother, Janet Lady Clarke, was cousin of former Miss Ada Ryan.

• • •

EVERYONE thrilled when ACW Audrey Jarvis, W.A.A.A.F., gets leave after 27 months up North to attend wedding of brother, Pilot-Officer Keith Jarvis, R.A.A.F., and Norma Withers. Keith has just returned after training in Canada, and asked R.A.A.F. Chaplain A. W. Morton to officiate at ceremony.

BRIEF honeymoon at Eleanora for Sub-Lieut. Edwin Phippard, R.A.N.V.R., and bride, formerly Anne Thomas, of Manly, before couple leave for Melbourne, when Edwin will continue course at Flinders Naval Depot. Anne will make temporary home while in Melbourne with her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Wilfred Evans, of Toorak.

• • •

FUTURE home at Kurrajong planned for after the war by LAC Michael McMahon, R.A.A.F., and bride, formerly Joan Leaver, of Mosman.

• • •

FEW days' Christmas leave for Gunner Noel Gibbons, A.I.F., of Merriwa, who recently married Yvonne Barton. After honeymoon at Katoomba, Noel has now returned to unit. Yvonne, who is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Barton, of Manly, has just received discharge from A.W.A.S.

CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. Captain Henry MacPhillamy, A.I.F., and lovely bride, formerly Diana Leitch, cut cake at reception at Australia Hotel following ceremony at St. John's, Darlinghurst. Attendants Joan Hughes, and Captain Ken Barder, A.I.F., son of Canon Barder, look on.

JUST returned to Canberra after two months' holiday spent at Toronto are Mrs. Brian Bracegirdle and her two young daughters, Elizabeth and Julie. Mrs. Bracegirdle, who was Betty Woodger, stays with parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Woodger, while husband, who is squadron-leader in R.A.A.F., is on active service. Mrs. Woodger's other daughter, Mrs. Frank Ellis, wife of Squadron-Leader Ellis, is living at Tocumwal with eight-months-old baby daughter Ngari. Believe Betty is one of the lucky ones, and has managed to secure a house.

• • •

SETTLING into new home at Kyogle is Mrs. Clifford Neame, who before recent marriage was Private Doris Moseley, A.A.M.W.S., eldest daughter of late Mr. Volta Moseley, of London, and Mrs. A. E. Moseley, of Bellevue Hill. Clifford's family, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Neame, are of Tonbridge, England. Doris' job in Army was special diet cook at 113th A.G.H., so cooking ought not to prove a difficulty for this newlywed.

• • •

RETURNED to Brisbane after farewell visit to Sydney before she leaves to make future home in America is Mrs. R. B. Bell, formerly Norma Morris, of Brisbane. Norma was guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Frederick, of Kirribilli, during her Sydney sojourn. With her husband, Lieut. Ralph Bell, U.S. Navy, Norma hopes to leave for new home in Washington, D.C., early in new year.

• • •

LOTS of gaiety at New Year's back-to-childhood party arranged by Waaafs Margaret Fesq and Sylvia Dutton at R.A.A.F. station, Richmond. Party held in gymnasium, and supper served in W.A.A.A.F. recreation hut.

R.A.A.F. WEDDING IN ENGLAND. Flight-Sergeant Arthur Hanmer, R.A.A.F., now Warrant-Officer, and his bride, formerly Corporal Connie Slater, English W.A.A.F., leaving church in Berkshire, England. Arthur now transferred to India with R.A.F., and bride has remained in W.A.A.F. Bridegroom is only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Hanmer, of Waverley.

ADMIRE lovely flowers which decorate Anzac Buffet over holiday festivities. Learn they are gift from workers attached to Ministry of Munitions.

• • •

GATHERING of the clan at party given at home of Dr. H. C. Adams at Woollahra to welcome his daughter Mary (Mrs. Arnold Moulden) from Adelaide. Other daughters, Mrs. Leo Cook and Valentine Adams, also present at party.

Joyce

CROSS WORKERS. Mrs. Jimmy Bancks (left) Mrs. Gregory Blaxland mark off prizes in Red Christmas Gift Art Union. First prize of model war home, valued at £100, won by Miss B. Clothier —ticket number 6356.

MEMBERS of the Kuring-gai Theatre Guild Younger Set, Freda Squires (left), Cae Marr, Patricia Peacocke, and Winsome Shand enjoy reading script of play, "Ambrose Applejohn," which will be presented by guild at Killara Memorial Hall on January 1 and January 8.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726372

NERVY WOMEN

MEN HATE THEM
Here's what to do!

Do trifles get on your nerves? Are you often on edge, irritable, ready to "snap" at the slightest provocation — children's mischievous pranks, or your husband? Do the simplest household tasks leave you worn out, "fed up," exhausted? Do you feel "fuzzy," headachy, out of sorts? Then be warned in time. You are suffering from "Mineral Starvation."

Bidomak supplies iron to combat anæmia and to build rich, red blood, potash, sodium and calcium with phosphorus to aid digestion and give new vigorous tone to nerves and muscles as well as carbohydrates which furnish food energy needed for the strenuous high pressure of modern life.

Buy a bottle to-day and Bidomak will make you well and happy again.

CRANKY CHILDREN

Drive parents crazy
Fail at school and play

Summer drags children down. Often they become cranky, grizzly and just simply pick at their food. Healthy play tires them too quickly, and then when you do get them to bed they suffer from disturbed nights and cannot get proper rest. As with adults, "Mineral Starvation" is a basic reason for such a condition, and summer aggravates it. Furthermore, summer comes right after a strenuous school year when children have not recovered thoroughly from the strain of examinations and home work. To make your boy or girl well again a safe and certain way is to give the child Bidomak. A course of Bidomak and he will once again be a bundle of bounding, happy energy, eating, sleeping, looking and feeling well and fit again.

GROUCHY HUSBANDS

Miss out in life!
Here's help for them

"Bears with sore heads" have no place in modern life. It just isn't necessary to be grouchy, irritable, out of sorts, "jittery" and nervy. It's so easy to feel fit, vigorous and bubbling with life and good spirits. All you need to do is to take Bidomak, which thousands upon thousands of people throughout Australia have cause to bless. Then you will find new energy return as rich red blood, created by Bidomak, and charged with living oxygen, courses through your veins. You will sleep better, concentrate fully, and lose that horrible feeling of overtiredness and depression.

THESE ARE THE CLAIMS WE MAKE FOR BIDOMAK

1. Ends MINERAL STARVATION by adding ferrum, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose.
2. Gives you a good appetite.
3. Brings sweet sleep to the weary sleepless.
4. Strengthens nerves that are tired and inflamed.
5. Relieves stomach upsets and dyspepsia.
6. Builds energy, "pep," and endurance.
7. Clears out body wastes from every cell of the body by increasing the amount of oxygen in the bloodstream.
8. Creates rich red blood, new healthy nerve cells and nerve fluid.
9. Makes you feel well all over.
10. Tastes so good you'll like taking it.

Get a bottle of Bidomak to-day, therefore, if you feel run down. Take it yourself, give it to your family. It must do you good, or you may have your money back.

★ **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

If you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co.

Mountain Mixture PEPPERMINT

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, 'FLU

Summer colds respond quickly to the soothing carrageen, thymus and peppermint in MOUNTAIN MIXTURE. Get a bottle to-day—2/3.

"The Tonic of the Century"— For Nerve, Brain, and that Depressed Feeling

3/- PER BOTTLE

Bidomak

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726373

Old Sinners Never Die

BEFORE I went to bed that night I destroyed Eileen's letter to Larry. Eileen's letter! Before I burned it I read it through again, right down the first page to the fateful words:

"the man I am going to marry is . . ."

I turned the page and read on:

"none other than Harry Ford."

How fortunate, I thought, that our names had been so similar, and that Eileen in her haste had scribbled in pencil. How easily I had effected the slight alterations.

We searched for Larry again at dawn, although had I not promised Hennessy I would gladly have remained in bed.

The local rain had abated, but the creek was more swollen than ever and had become a terrifying sight. We satisfied ourselves that Larry was not sheltered in the high branches of the trees about the spot where we had heard the music and the laugh that still lingered with faint unpleasantness in my memory.

I suggested that the unhappy lad had probably started to drink, following the affair in the hall, but Hennessy rather rudely shut me up and made no demur when, a little later, I excused myself, saying that I had some things to attend to.

I was hurrying back from the creek and passing the post-office in the deserted main street when Helen Speek came hurrying toward me.

"I saw you from my gate, Mr. Ford," she said in a rush, "and I hoped you'd help me."

Her face was flushed, the color in her cheeks heightened by the freshness of the morning, and with her mop of golden hair she really looked a picture. It occurred to me that a woman like this was wasted on a creature like Speek.

"There'll be a packet waiting for me," she went on, speaking rapidly. "Would you be so good—could I get it now?"

It was unorthodox, of course. Office hours began at nine. Still, it was only a matter of opening the door.

"I cannot refuse beauty in distress," I said, smiling at her boldly.

I slipped into the office and she followed me. I found the package she expected, for there were very few mail articles. It was a small, rectangular box of some sort wrapped in brown paper and addressed plainly in block letters. I came from behind the counter and gave it to her, and she thrust it beneath her shawl, turning to go.

"Is that all the thanks I get?" I asked pointedly, putting my hand on her arm. After all, I had gone out of my way to oblige her.

She looked at me, surprise in her eyes, then pulled her shawl about her, and without another word hurried to the door. Annoyed at her churlishness I locked the office, and when I gained the street she was already some distance away and walking fast. I heard a cough behind me, and turned to see Craven, the caretaker of the local hall. He bade me good-morning politely enough, but from the grin on his face I knew he was wondering. Impatiently I dismissed the incident from my mind and went home to a hot bath and bacon and eggs.

Mrs. Marven had not come down, and Rosie, the housemaid, was tearful as she served me.

"Have they found him, Mr. Ford?" she inquired.

"Found whom?" I asked, buttering toast, though I knew very well whom she meant.

"Why, Larry, sir," she went on.

"Oh, I guess he'll turn up," I said shortly.

"I do hope so, Mr. Ford," the girl said as she took my empty plate. "He was such a lovely boy."

Teecher, the bank fellow, came down as usual and greeted me with, "Too bad about Larry. Fine chap."

I found their comments exasperating. I had been out half the night looking for the man, and had given up my morning sleep-in, and was in no mood to join in a paean of praise simply because Larry Ward might or might not be drowned.

I was surprised to see Garnet Price come in to breakfast. "Couldn't get across the creek," he explained briefly. "Had to stay. I'll be here to-night, too, by the look of things."

I remembered he had not been at the concert, nor, I thought swiftly, had Helen Speek. I wondered had they profited by Speek's absence. As I spread marmalade on toast I said without looking up: "Enjoy the concert?"

"Eh?" He started. "Oh, 'fraid concerts aren't much in my line. Now, what I like's a good circus with plenty of horses and trick riding. And clowns! Never got over my fondness for clowns, Ford. Remember once the old man gave permission for a circus to make its winter quarters on our land. What a time we had! There was an old boy—well, he seemed old to us boys—Charlie Baldwin; taught us to throw lariats and train horses to do tricks.

"D'you know, Ford, he'd give the horse a signal simply by blowing out his stomach. In the evening he'd come over to the house and show the old man card tricks and win all his money."

He went on interminably with a rigmarole about wire-walkers and acrobats and the like. I got up in the middle of one of his stories, saying I had to get to the office, and left him to bore Teecher with the rest of the yarn.

That morning Timothy Speek called at my office, the everlasting paper-bag of sweets in his hand. He proffered it, and when I refused, took one himself and began to talk with his mouth full.

He couldn't resist mentioning Larry Ward. "He'll turn up like a bad penny," he said vindictively. "By the way, Mr. Ford," he continued, munching, "I wonder, if you were free, whether you would help me to-night with a little document? You're the only one in this town I can trust, and—but if you'd rather not——"

"What kind of a document?"

"It's about my will, Mr. Ford. I haven't altered it for years. It needs a codicil. It should be very simple. You see, all I've got is left to my dear wife. That's natural, isn't it?"

I murmured assent. I could hardly comment, but I was interested. Speek had placed a certain sardonic emphasis on the "dear." He went on:

"I just wish to tighten it up. I want Helen to keep on remembering me after I'm gone. I'd like to feel that we were still very close together. It can be done in half a dozen lines if they're carefully written. I'll make a rough draft, Mr. Ford, and you can lick it into shape. Of course, there'll be your fee——"

I waved this aside, but he protested that there was no lawyer in the town, and, if there was, he'd have to fee him, so why not pay me?

"I daresay I can help you, Speek," I said, "if the document is as simple as you think."

"Oh, it'll be simple enough," he laughed. "I'll wait for you at nine."

At midday there was still no news of Larry. Doctor Hansen and Garnet Price were eating as I entered the dining-room, and Mrs. Marven looked up and asked me if there was anything fresh.

Continued from page 3

"It's a thundering pity that a lad like that should be taken," the doctor said as I shook my head.

"There's Providence for you!" Price exclaimed in that forthright way of his, black eyes glaring at the doctor as if he were to blame. "A fine boy swept to eternity, and others in this town, who would be better dead, left to snivel their way through goodness knows how many more years."

There was an uncomfortable silence, Price having spoken with unusual violence. The doctor said mildly after a while:

"That always happens, Price. I'm afraid Fate's left many a sinner on top and pushed others under the sod without giving them a decent chance. Still, we doctors aid and abet. I believe that Fate had it in for a few that I knew, and I was able to interfere with her plans and at least postpone them."

Price gave the doctor a cunning look.

"I understand, Doctor," he said. "Probably saved their lives against your will."

The doctor shook his head.

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as that, Price," he said; "but I admit I wondered whether the ethical thing was the right thing."

"Surely," I put in, "it's a doctor's duty to save life under any and all circumstances?"

"Duty me foot," Price exclaimed vulgarly. "If I were a doctor and I knew a man was a skunk, making life an agony for the living, I'd let him die. And be hanged to your ethics."

"I think I would, too, terrible as it sounds," Mrs. Marven said softly and rather surprisingly.

"But," I expostulated, shocked at the turn the conversation had taken, "you would constitute the medical man judge. I don't think Doctor Hansen would care for that responsibility."

"I'm sure I shouldn't," Hansen said, and with a glance at his watch rose and put his hand on Price's shoulder. "I'm afraid, Price," he said, "if ever you send for me I'll have to do the best I can for you, bad as you are."

Price rose too. "Oh, I'll take a chance on you," he said, laughing.

That night I wrote to Eileen's father telling him of Larry's disappearance and describing the incidents leading up to it. It was my duty, I felt, to acquaint him of the fact that Larry and Speek had had a vulgar brawl when Speek had found the boy visiting his wife in his absence.

It seemed a pity, I wrote, that Larry should have lost his head and struck the blind man, but possibly he was not himself, as he had had a few drinks in the morning, and had already got himself into trouble by nearly killing Barmby's child.

We had done all we could, I told him, and, with others, I had searched along the flooded creek until exhausted. I paid a graceful tribute to the courage of Hennessy and Constable Burke, and asked him not to mention these things to his daughter because it might upset her, and that was the last thing I wanted.

"You know, Mr. Mahoney," I wrote, "that Eileen is very dear to me, and when she returns I will, with your permission, continue to pay her my respects. Although I believe that she had a girlish infatuation for Larry Ward, who has by God's will been taken from us, I believe this folly will soon pass.

"I want to assure you that I feel no bitterness in my heart, for I well know the vagaries of a young woman's emotions. I feel that this bitter experience will have a steadying effect upon her which will be all to the good.

"I have been a very careful man, Mr. Mahoney," I concluded, "and, in the event of our marriage, I shall insist on making a settlement upon your daughter which, I believe, you will not find ungenerous. In short, I propose to settle upon her the sum of one thousand pounds."

I wrote a short letter to Eileen herself, saying I was desolated by her absence, and that I looked forward eagerly to her return.

Please turn to page 24

Animal Antics

"I think I'm beginning to get what you mean, Poppa."

Worth Reporting

MOST famous ship the British Navy has ever owned, Nelson's Victory, was missed by all the bombs that battered Portsmouth, where she has lain, to the delight of tourists, for many a long year.

And now she will never be sunk.

It had been the practice to put her into dry dock every so many years for scraping, painting, and general repairs.

But the last time this work was undertaken, the bottom practically fell out of Victory, and she sank.

Sadly she was raised, and the little dry dock, too small for other purposes, was filled with concrete in which Victory now sails securely beside the wharf edge.

Gratitude

THE cinchona tree, which produces quinine, best malaria remedy known, received its name from Countess Chinchon, who in 1630 arrived in the Peruvian Andes from Europe, as wife of the Viceroy.

She was saved from death through malaria by doses of the loxa bark in crude powdered form, prepared by the missionaries. In gratitude she had large quantities brought from the mountains to the Jesuit dispensary of St. Paul's College in Lima, to be distributed to poor victims of the fever. The fathers called her gift, "Countess powder," and the tree to this day is known as the cinchona tree.

To-day, 98 per cent. of the world's quinine comes from Java, which is in Japanese hands, so every effort is being made to make the trees grow in their native habitat, South America.

* * *

SKIRTS are so short in America, we hear, that it is common to see the rolled tops of stockings showing as wearers walk along. Reminds us of the nineteen-twenties, when ribbon-and-rosette garters were designed for similarly accidental display.

Ivy didn't cling

IVY, a little girl with red hair and a blue dress, had an unexpected holiday treat.

In Sydney's busiest shopping street, Ivy lost her grandmother in the crowd. The police traffic-branch car broadcast in the street, "Has anyone seen Ivy?" She was found and returned to grandma in the police car.

Ivy is one of four children contacted by the police car when they were lost during one week.

One little boy was found playing on a store escalator; another got quite a long ride to the police station, where his mother collected him. Another little girl had bad luck. Her mother found her just as she was about to step into the police car at the invitation of the constable announcer, who is himself the father of two little girls.

"Sorry, dear, but I still don't think it looks like a hat!"

Repartee

SCENE was a crowded butcher's shop in the city on Saturday morning.

Woman (looking at rabbit): It's not as nice as the one I had last week.

Butcher: Well, th's isn't last week, madam. This is this week.

Woman: Oh, well . . . but you know if a bunny's not nice, it's not nice.

Aftermath

Now is the time to put away the wrappings,
The unused gift tags, and the colored strings;
Where they will languish with all festive trappings,
Forever lost with all forgotten things.

Now with your back and blistered shoulders peeling,
You scan the bills in their relentless flow,
And wonder, with your brain and bank-book reeling,
Who bought nine tins of talc from Blank and Co.?—D.D.

Chinese prices

WITH inflation soaring in China, dress budgeting is a headache for Chinese business girls. Few are able to make even minor additions to their wardrobe.

Wen Siu-ying, book-keeper at Government railway office, paid £17 for the material and making of two pairs of panties and a silk slip. Cotton stockings (only ones available) cost from £6 to £10 a pair, while flat-heeled Oxford shoes cost £20 a pair.

Cotton-padded gowns, essential items of every Chinese girl's winter wardrobe, can't be bought for less than £143.

Knitting of sweaters for winter, with wool costing £66 a pound, is definitely out.

* * *

TWELVE girls in Detroit, U.S.A., whose husbands are in the Services, have formed a fun-without-men club. They swim, skate, and picnic together. Call themselves "stageties."

H. and C.

DOMESTIC fuel bills have been cut down by 40 per cent. by a municipal central-heating system in Dundee, Scotland.

Two districts have been supplied with a heating system from central sources. One system supplies 700 houses and a Community Centre, which would have otherwise needed nine boiler houses and 1400 chimneys.

A window glass that will keep houses cool in tropical climates has been produced by British glass research workers. The glass, called Calorex, is claimed to prevent 80 per cent. of heat from passing through the glass into the house.

Rehabilitation de luxe

AUSTRALIAN girl married to a U.S. serviceman writes from "G.I. Paradise," the Ambassador Hotel, at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Here returned American servicemen stay free of charge for a holiday.

"The Yanks call it a rehabilitation station," she says.

It is one of the most palatial hotels on the waterfront.

There's no need to go outside the door for entertainment. On the premises are movies, nightclub, classical concerts, quiz contests, craft instruction, Turkish baths, tailor, valet and barber.

Bicycles, golf clubs, and tennis racquets are available.

If his wife is with him, G.I. Joe pays 7 dollars 90 cents a week for her and 35 cents each meal.

In Australian money this works out at about £5 a week.

Ordinary tariff in such a hotel would be 7 to 10 dollars per day—at least £16 per week.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726374

Philips looks to the Harvest of Tomorrow

Keep in touch with your PHILIPS Radio Dealer

Your radio today is a priceless possession. Keep in touch with your Philips Dealer and he will keep it performing at its best. There will be many marvellous new Philips receivers when peace comes, incorporating the latest techniques made possible by wartime development in electronics.

For 50 years, Philips has been inventing and manufacturing electrical devices to make man's life on earth a happier and a healthier one—has pioneered the development of electronics.

Philips therefore is rich in the kind of experience it takes to discover new things for electricity to do and to make them available to all.

The war has not halted Philips developments nor Philips productive enterprise. Philips engineers and its manufacturing plants are busy in Australia, England, America and other free countries throughout the world helping the United Nations war effort. They are keeping faith with the ideals of freedom. They are keeping faith with Philips dealers. They are keeping faith with those millions who for half-a-century have relied upon Philips integrity of manufacture in the electrical appliances with which they have equipped their homes.

But when Victory is won, radio, television, X-ray, lighting and industrial electronics are due for a bountiful harvest of new things which will come out of Philips long experience and its important wartime developments.

To Philips dealers and customers everywhere we can only say that these things worth waiting for.

PHILIPS

PHILIPS

THROUGHOUT THE FREE WORLD TODAY PHILIPS RESOURCES ARE DEDICATED TO HASTENING VICTORY.

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
Sydney — Melbourne — Adelaide — Perth — Brisbane

PL73-44

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726375

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Jan. 4 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Jan. 5: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Jan. 6: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, Jan. 7 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Jan. 8: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Jan. 9: "What's On the Menu?"

Advice on legal problems

"This Is The Law" is an interesting new feature which will begin from 2GB on Sunday, January 7, at 6.45 p.m.

IT offers sound advice on those everyday problems which, by wrong handling, may lead people into legal trouble.

Mr. Ogilvy tells listeners of legal pitfalls they may encounter, and gives advice on avoiding them.

Many people get into difficulty purely through ignorance of the law.

They neglect to make sure that agreements are soundly drawn up, rush into business deals without expert advice, or make libellous statements in ignorance of the law of libel.

Listeners are sure to find problems of particular interest in the subjects dealt with.

They will include such matters as those of inheritance, adoption, the Child Welfare Act, marriage laws.

They will learn, for instance, whether a marriage can be annulled when contracted under a false name, and what is the position when a couple under 21 marry without parental consent.

If an author is asked by a publishing company for a brief outline of his new novel, but instead forwards the one and only copy of the complete manuscript, and it is lost—what is the position? Can he claim recompense?

If a man collapses at the wheel of his car, thereby causing the death of a pedestrian, can the driver be held liable for damages?

In what circumstances can a woman sue for breach of promise?

These are some random examples of the problems discussed by Mr. Ogilvy.

Cases dramatised

THE cases are dramatised, he gives the pros and cons of the situation, and explains the legal ruling.

Many cases that come before the civil courts each year need never have done so, if the parties had explored possibilities before.

Wills are often made carelessly, leaving a great deal of unnecessary work, trouble, and unpleasantness for members of the family.

The feature is set in a lawyer's office. Listeners will hear clients come in to state their cases, and Mr. Ogilvy's advice on the best way to deal with their problems.

Even if you feel sure that you will never be in trouble with the law, even if you are the sort of person who always looks both ways before crossing any road, you will be interested in these cases.

You will be able to imagine how you yourself would deal with the problem in the first place, and compare it with experiences of your own.

For all of us find legal processes fascinating, especially if our contact with them is only in theory.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3380.—Simple but very charming—youthful type of frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3282.—Well-cut frill-trim frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3243.—Featuring the new apron-effect skirt. Note wide belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3197.—Smart summer suit. Note collar, sunray effect pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F188.—Darling frock for summer wear for the 2 to 8-year-olds. Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4068W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

TASMANIA: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4068W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. Readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN ..... STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 6/1/'45

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue. Three well-cut undies for sizes 36, 38, and 40in. hip measurements. (Note illustration above.)

No. 1.—Scanties: Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide.
No. 2.—Panieties: Requires 1⅔yds., 36in. wide.
No. 3.—Bloomers: Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CAMILLA"—chic frock in summer floral

This spirit-raising frock is fashioned from a delightful, all-over floral rayon crepe in attractive tonings of cyclamen and gold on blue background; cyclamen, blue and gold on orchid-green background; pinks, mauves and gold on light grey background; and cyclamen and gold on turquoise background.

This material has a matt finish, is of good quality, and washes well.

The design shows a turn-back V neckline, shaped bodice with fullness over bust, slim waistline with tiny hip peplum, and a skirt that falls in soft fullness. The shoulders of this frock are well extended and padded, and the sleeves straight and plain.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/11 (13 couns); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 76/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/8½ extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/8½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "CAMILLA": In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons and send to Box 3488, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements.

You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "CAMILLA," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 551. — CHILD'S FROCK AND SUN BONNET

Isn't this a sweet set? You'll love to make it, and your little girl will be proud to wear it.

It's a ready-to-make, too. Note that the pattern is clearly traced on a charming all-over patterned cotton. All you have to do is to cut out and sew.

The material selected for this frock and bonnet set is of British make. It promises to wear well and wash beautifully.

The style chosen for the frock is very dainty with its frilled neckline, puff sleeves, and fully flared skirt. A row of frilling also trims the hemline of the skirt and lends a dainty finish.

The bonnet is cute with its large brim, trimmed with self-frill, and tiny crown. A self-tie is made into a bow under the chin.

Size 1 to 2 years, complete, 12/3 (8 coupons).
Size 3 to 4 years, complete, 14/- (8 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.
When ordering, please ask for No. 551.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726376

Film Reviews

★ COWBOY AND THE SENORITA

REPUBLIC have allowed a larger budget than is usual for Western films, so the entertainment value goes up accordingly. The dull story revolves round some hidden treasure, bequeathed to Mary Lee. John Hubbard spends most of the film trying to obtain possession of the treasure, and Roy Rogers, of course, is there to see that everything turns out right in the end. Chief attraction of the film is in the musical and dance sequences, but the ardent Western fans will probably complain that the scenes frequently impede the action.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

RHYTHM SERENADE

VERA LYNN'S second film is an even drearier effort than her first, and surely by now Columbia must realise that it takes more than a charming singing voice and an appealing radio personality to make a screen star.

However, the entire blame for this film cannot be loaded off on its star. Gordon Wellesley's clumsy direction is regrettably apparent, and the supporting cast, headed by Peter Murray-Hill, is uniformly poor.

A phony, fairy-tale script of war-workers, the Merchant Navy, and general heroism does nothing to help things along.—Civic; showing.

Margaret O'Brien—Hollywood's lovable young star

An Army major by the name of Clark Gable went to see a movie called "Lost Angel," about a child wonder who rattled off Chinese and dabbled in Napoleonic campaigns. The child wonder was Margaret O'Brien.

By HELEN MARKEL

THE next day Major Gable was on the MGM lot and asked Miss O'Brien to lunch with him. Miss O'Brien sent word back that she was sorry, she would like to very much, but she was full.

The lady who turned down Clark Gable is Hollywood's newest jackpot. She is seven-going-on-eight and having trouble with her teeth. They drop out before her biggest scenes.

She is no glamor girl. She has neither dimples nor curls.

She can't sing. She can't dance. All she can do is act.

She got into pictures by accident. Her mother had gone to see her sister's agent and Margaret trailed along. The agent took one look at her and came up with a bit part in "Babes on Broadway," in which Margaret foundered on a sea of bedimpled darlings.

A year later, when she was 5, came "Journey for Margaret," which started the gold-rush. Now the stories lined up for her will carry her through to the age of 88.

I visited her on the set of "Music for Millions," where she is currently filching scenes from Jimmy Durante and Jose Iturbi. The scene in progress was the wings of Carnegie Hall, where Margaret was supposed to be watching her elder sister get her first big break.

When she finished her scene she came into her dressing-room to chat. It has blue gingham walls and a peppermint-striped ceiling.

Margaret's sketch-book was lying on a peppermint-striped couch.

Margaret does a great deal of painting. Charles Laughton is so impressed with it he has made a deal with her to get one picture a week. This is easy, since she is very prolific. There is one called "The Manger," which he has framed in his dressing-room.

Margaret is a devout Catholic. She reads the funnies, but prefers Bible stories, which she makes her mother read her by the hour. She cannot read by herself yet.

She learns her lines by having Mrs. O'Brien read the script aloud twice. She has to memorise everybody else's lines, too, so she will know her cues.

She rarely "blows" her lines. Her powers of concentration depress her colleagues. It was Lionel Barrymore who said despairingly, "If she had been born 200 years ago she'd have been burned at the stake as a witch."

Margaret is allowed to work only four hours a day. A supervisor is constantly on the set glaring at any interviewers who try to talk to her between "takes."

Mr. Durante and Miss O'Brien are the studio's newest twosome. Margaret laughs at all of Jimmie's jokes, and Jimmie advises Margaret on her hats.

Margaret has a passion for hats. When she walks round the lot, visiting sets and influencing people, she always wears one. The one she likes best is a black prelate's hat which makes her look like a small, earnest friar.

Margaret lives with her mother and her Aunt Marissa in a small apartment. She and her mother take the bus to the studio every morning.

After dinner Margaret helps with the dishes and argues about staying up "just a little longer," but she says she hardly ever wins. Her big night is Saturday, when she is allowed to "eat out" with her Aunt Marissa and go to a movie.

SINCE TEAMED TOGETHER in MGM's "Music for Millions," seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien and comedian Jimmy Durante are Hollywood's newest twosome.

When Margaret grows up she wants to be a nun. By that time she figures she will have had enough acting.

"Nuns," she says, "are the most beautiful people in the world."

At the moment, though, the most important things in her life are "the Saints, my mother, my Aunt Missa, Maggie (her cocker spaniel), my Indian suit, and Jimmie Craig."

Her two biggest wishes are (1) to be old enough to play a holy part and (2) to get all her teeth in.

All things considered, seven is a difficult age for a serious actress.

HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY — 8 p.m.
The Macquarie Play:
"NO EXIT"
Drama—starring JOHN ALDEN and BRENDA DUNRICH.

MONDAY — 9 p.m.
"STAR THEATRE"
New co-starring team — JOHN NUGENT HAYWARD AND LYNDALL BARBOUR.

TUESDAY — 12.15 p.m.
"JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF SORROW"
A story of tragedy and romance.
Mon. to Thurs.

WEDNESDAY — 8 p.m.
"THE CASHMERE BOUQUET SHOW"
Matilda Sketch by Dorothy (Dolly) Foster.

THURSDAY — 1 p.m.
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"
General Knowledge Quiz, with a novel twist.

FRIDAY — 7.30 p.m.
"YOUTH SPEAKS"
Topical debates by brilliant young orators.

SATURDAY — 9 p.m.
"PRISONER AT THE BAR"
Famous court-room trials re-enacted.

KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 21

I HAD just finished the letters when a boy brought a note from Hennessy. His wife, he said, was helping him mark some examination papers, but he would be free at nine, and would be glad if I could come round at that hour and run over the school concert accounts with him.

Speek, I felt sure, would not mind if I called earlier than he had arranged, so some time after eight I strolled slowly along to his house.

It was quite dark, for we had no street lamps, and there was no light visible that I could see except the one hanging outside the hotel, and this only accentuated the general gloom. However, as I reached Speek's gate and looked down the long pathway to his side door, I saw a glimmer.

Nearer the house was a trellis so thick that it practically formed a verandah. As I stepped under this and reached the doorway I heard a scream that must have been audible to anyone in the street, and stepped into the light to see Timothy Speek raise his stick and strike his wife.

The blow caught her on the shoulder, and she cowered before him, wringing her hands. I stepped into the shadows on the far side of the door, unwilling to be a witness to any squalid domestic quarrel, and, as I did so, I heard hasty footsteps running down the gravelled path, and in a moment Garnet Price was at the door gazing into the room.

He was standing so close to me that I could have touched him, but so intent was his gaze upon the scene in the room that he was quite unaware of my presence and saw nothing but the blind man's grip on Helen's arm and the stick held so menacingly over her.

For one moment he stood like a statue, then he leapt in, and, with one hand, seized Speek's shoulder and whirled him about. The blind man's stick fell to the floor, and immediately he began feeling for it with his foot. His sightless eyes fixed themselves on the intruder.

"So, Mr. Larry, you've come back! I might've known," he said.

I suppose Price was too astonished to speak, but Helen made a quick gesture, putting her fingers over her lips warningly.

"Aye!" The blind man waited again, breathing hard; then, after a silence which seemed never-ending, he went on, "I thought you were drowned, and gone to the devil, Larry Ward, but it takes more than a flood to keep a scoundrel from his wanton."

He stooped and regained his stick and then went to a big chair set against a small table and seated himself leisurely.

"Come, now, sit you down, Larry, boy," he said, "and let us talk this thing over."

"There's nothing to talk over," Helen said, sullenly.

"Oh, but there is, Helen—dear," Speek said, turning to her and talking with silky softness. "There's divorce, for instance."

"Divorce!" Helen Speek was frankly incredulous.

The blind man chuckled. "I thought you'd be interested," he said, and his fingers, drumming on the table, touched a box of chocolates which was lying there with the lid off. He picked it up and sniffed.

"What's here?" he asked. "Chocolates, eh? A lover's gift!" He put the box to his nose again. "Aye, very pretty." He turned to Price. "You don't mind, Larry?" he inquired softly, but there was venom in his voice.

His fingers began fumbling among the chocolates and I could see that Helen was watching him as if hypnotised. He picked two out. One he popped into his mouth, the other he placed upon the table beside him.

"Um!" He ate with exaggerated appreciation. "And very nice, too, Larry. And expensive!" he continued, talking with his mouth full.

Helen Speek's eyes had never left his face. Very quietly she stepped forward. With the fingers of one hand she deftly removed the chocolate on the table, with those of the other hand she substituted a sweet which she took from the box. I saw Price start, but her finger went to her lips again, cautioning him, and he remained silent. Speek stretched out his hand, and his fingers played with the chocolate beside him.

"And now, regarding the matter of divorce, Larry," he said, and he lifted the sweetmeat to his lips.

"Don't!" The word burst from Price, and a quick angry expression crossed Helen's face and she strode quickly to him and put her hand over his mouth.

Speek nibbled the chocolate delicately, then held the remaining portion up and regarded it with his sightless eyes. Suddenly he popped it in his mouth and chewed in an objectionable way as he spoke.

"'Don't' is good advice, Larry," he cried, rising. The chocolate swallowed, the silkiness left his voice. He spoke sneeringly.

"There'll be no divorce, Larry. My wife will live on by me side, for I'm hale and hearty, and full of vigor for all me blindness, and Doc. Hansen has given me a tonic that'll brighten me up still more, and make me good company for the lass. Aye, Larry, the blind man's rounds will cease. I'll stay by her side, hour after hour, day after day, night after night, week after week, watching her, Larry.

"D'you hear? D'you hear, wife? I'll change my habits, my dear. There'll be no more walks abroad for me—or you. I'll be home, home by your side," he thrust his head out toward her and his last words were a snarl, "giving you all the love and attention you'll ever know this side of the grave."

He turned to where Price stood, Helen's hand still covering his mouth.

"And now, Larry Ward," he went on, "ye can go back where ye belong."

He stood, leaning on his stick, and the others waited, too. Then Helen urged Price to the door, and almost pushed him outside. I saw his white, strained face as he passed, and then his black suit merged into the darkness under the trellis, and I heard his footsteps retreating.

When I peered into the room again Speek was sitting in his armchair. I saw Helen move to the table, put the lid on the box of chocolates and carry it off to some other part of the house.

Avoiding the light, for I had forgotten Speek's blindness, and keeping away from the gravel, I ran noiselessly into the dark street, and immediately collided with a cloaked and hurrying figure. I thought it was a child for a moment, and then I knew it for Polly Garner, and I went on, annoyed that she should have recognised me, for my breeding needs must come out and instinctively I had begged her pardon.

The incident worried me so that I almost forgot that I had promised to call on Hennessy and I had to retrace my footsteps. Our business was soon concluded, and I went back to the hotel. Mrs. Marven, who was sitting knitting in the deserted bar, called a cheery good-night, and I went upstairs to bed, read for an hour or so, and then fell asleep.

I don't know how long I had slept before I was awakened by an unusual noise. I sat up, listening, then put my ear to the wall dividing my room from Mrs. Marven's. The sound was unmistakable. A woman was weeping, but now and then I heard another voice.

After a little while the sobbing ceased, a door closed softly, and I fell asleep wondering.

To be continued

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726377

Third wife of Elliott Roosevelt

Blonde, brown-eyed Faye Emerson, 27-year-old film star, made headline news when she became the third wife of Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, second son of the U.S. President. This is Faye's second marriage. She obtained a divorce from wealthy Texan William Crawford in 1942.

This vivacious actress has not yet achieved stardom, but has had good supporting roles in seventeen films since she came to Hollywood three years ago, and has announced that she intends to continue her career.

When interviewed shortly after their wedding, Faye said: "I am thrilled at the thought of meeting my famous in-laws."

FAYE EMERSON, in private life Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, is under contract to Warners, and portrayed the native flower girl in the technicolor, "The Desert Song." She makes a hobby of freakish hats, and changes her coiffure almost weekly to suit her extreme headpieces. Faye and Elliott first met at dinner party at the Stork Club fourteen months ago.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726378

Shu-Milk...
THE PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER!

Easy to apply, Shu-milk dries evenly and quickly and ensures a snow-white surface that will not rub off.

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES
6d. and 1/-

Shu-Milk

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

Film on the life of Chopin

1 **AS A BOY,** Chopin shows an amazing gift for the piano, and his teacher, (Paul Muni), predicts a great future for him.

2 **BEFORE** his first Paris concert, Chopin (Cornel Wilde) hears his Polish friends have been killed, and the concert is unsuccessful.

3 **THE ONLY CRITIC** who praises Chopin is George Sand (Merle Oberon) who restores him to favor in smart circles of Paris.

4 **ELSNER** is disgusted at music Chopin is writing, but Mme. Sand has the composer under her spell.

5 **WHEN THE POLISH REBELS** are harshly treated, Chopin's old friend, Constantia (Nina Foch), insists Elsner inform Chopin of Poland's plight, and ask help.

6 **TEACHER** and former pupil meet, and Chopin, rejecting Mme Sand, gives great concerts to aid Poland.

7 **CHOPIN'S** strength fails and, when death is near, Elsner sends for Mme Sand, but she refuses to come.

A song to remember

THE story of Columbia's technicolor film "Song to Remember" tells of the romance of the beloved Polish composer Chopin and the famous author Madame George Sand.

A whole generation of artists, musicians, and poets produced their finest works under the romantic spell of Madame Sand. Among them were Delacroix, De Musset, Liszt, and Chopin.

The Make-Up Choice of Hollywood's Most Glamorous Screen Stars

Jean Parker
Paramount Star

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

REPRESENTATIVES FOR AUSTRALIA
FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON
BOX 3982 V, G.P.O., SYDNEY

"No Test Like Time"

If you're using "Hercules" Sheets and Pillow Cases you know that they really do live up to their name

HERCULES

Sheets and Pillow Cases
Joshua Hoyle Productions

Agents: F. C. Hurst & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726379

To brighten the beaches . . .

● An engagingly young sunfrock of checked gingham, with a brief bodice and full skirt. The saucy red linen reefer-jacket will team up with your sports togs.

● A simply designed, backless sports dress of floral cotton that is perfect for seaside week-ends. With it a tiny jacket and sun-defying bonnet.

● When cool breezes blow, slip on this quilted box-jacket, made in the same material as the attractive dressmaker swimsuit.

● Tailored shorts and shirt topped by a trim striped jacket may not be new, but interpreted in these snappy colors they steal the limelight.

● Red-and-white spotted cotton, margined with white, makes a fetching bra-top swimsuit. The front-pleated shorts are especially chic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726380

Every penny counts with us — that's why we changed to this money-saving tooth paste. It gives our teeth a wonderful cleaning too — stains and film simply disappeared at the first brushing — our teeth were never so white and gleaming. At 1/5½ a large tube, it's the "buy" for our money.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

New Year Gardening . . .

Sow these now!

IN a country of such wide spaces we have to be careful what we advise, but the following table is sure to be useful to many, even if due allowances for climate must be made.

The following vegetable seeds can be sown during January throughout all States:

Climbing and French beans; beetroots, brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, cress, leek, lettuce, parsnip, radish, silver beet, squash, sweet corn.

Potatoes can be sown in N.S.W., South Australia, and Western Australia about the end of the month. Kohl-rabi can also be sown in N.S.W. and South Australia any time during January. Tomatoes should be set out in January in districts not visited by early frosts.

Hardy annual, biennial, and perennial flower seeds of the following varieties may also be sown throughout the Commonwealth during January:

Calendula, calliopsis, candytuft, Canterbury bells, carnation, cineraria, coreopsis, cornflower, cosmos, dianthus, bellis perennis, forget-me-not, gaillardia, geum, godetia, gypsophila, hollyhock, Iceland poppy, leptosyne, linaria, lobelia, nigella, lupins, French marigolds, mignonette, mimulus, nasturtium, pansy, pentstemon, phlox, scabious, primula, ranunculus, shirley poppy, snapdragon, statice, stock, sweet-william, verbena, viola, wallflower, sweet-peas, and zinnias.

In most cases it is best to prepare some moderately good soil and sow the seed in seedboxes, later transplanting to the open beds. Soil should not be over-rich.

Seedlings of all vegetables except beans, carrots, parsnips, turnips, sweet corn, radish, cress, and kohl-rabi transplant easily. The varieties mentioned should be sown where they have to spend their entire lives. Thin out to allow ample space between plants.

Build up the soil well with compost and old manure for the Victory garden, particularly for gross feeders such as the cabbage family, lettuce, beans, and corn. Root crops need old cultivation beds, as they abhor fresh manure.—Our Home Gardener.

LIKE ALL OTHER FLOWERS, poppies flourish in the gardens of the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Hostel, Gordon, N.S.W., where many of our brave lads are regaining health. The shrubbery in the background affords them privacy and adds beauty to the scene.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

PUT all gloves on your hands to wash them. Chamois leather, woollen, or cotton can be washed.

* * *

I'M told that a sprig or two of parsley added to silver beet, cabbage, or cauliflower when cooking improves the flavor.

* * *

FOR the sake of your hands, rub a little fat into them before peeling chokoes. Follow by washing thoroughly with soap and warm water. Better still wear gloves.

* * *

WHEN ironing summer frocks or blouses have dress hangers by you. When each article is ironed, slip on hanger; saves time, creases, and temper.

GOOD IDEA: Thelma Scott, of "Big Sister" radio fame, punches holes in old enamel basin for use as sink basket.

Chignon back in fashion

IN THIS PICTURE you see how the back hair is smoothly groomed and brought into a large "doughnut" chignon. If your hair is long you'll want to copy this style.

CHIGNON COIFFURE now craze in America. Lovely Louise Allbritton, Universal star, here shows one version. From side part, hair is waved softly, is piled high at sides, finishing in ringlets at top.

HAPPY LANDINGS

ALLEYNE LESLIE
TELLS YOU HOW TO DEAL WITH AN AIRMAN

DON'T gush with praise over your airman. He belongs to a service world-famous for reserve and any extravagant hero-worship is just embarrassing.

DO *remember his life is a tease one, so help him forget the combat area. Note that in any sortie with an airman a sweet soft complexion is the prelude to a wedding licence. Erasmic Cold Cream gives you a skin you can trust through any crisis. It prevents clogged pores, smooths away the little "dry" lines.*

DON'T call airmen "blue orchids." To them it's a far from complimentary term and you bet they hate it.

DO *give them their proper title and concentrate the limelight on yourself by turning up for your date looking sweet and knowing it. Follow your normal Erasmic routine with a touch of Erasmic Powder. It clings through dances, through party games and good-night kisses. And its fragrance is guaranteed to win you a fighter escort in no time at all.*

DON'T address a letter to your airman using his new rank until you're sure it's been gazetted. You may know he's in for promotion, but if it's news to the mess, how they'll rag him!

DO *follow his instructions minutely about correspondence. And improve the golden moments by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream daily until you can celebrate with "him." That's the way to smooth away little roughnesses and give your complexion the glorious finish that will win congratulations for you as well as him.*

ERASMIC Beauty Products

1/2 each

E.38.76

I'll be glad when ROSELLA Foods are Plentiful Again

Women throughout Australia are waiting for the day when these delicious favourites will again be served. *Security in foods* is guaranteed by Rosella.

Products carrying this name not only ensure easy, quick, economical meals, but are unrivalled for *quality, purity, and flavour.*

Rosella is supplying foods for our Fighting Forces, but later on the *full range of Over 100* will be available to all Housewives.

Rosella OVER 100 PURE FOODS

TO-DAY—
GREY HAIR IS TABOO!
Banish greyness and buy back 10 years of your life!

INECTO
HAIR COLOURING

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726381

LET'S TAKE A WALK. Attractive picture of Fay Lorraine Morgan, our New Year Baby, at 11 months. She can take a few steps before flopping, laughs a lot, says many words, chatters continuously in baby language, has four big front teeth. These first teeth caused some digestive upsets, but tests show her well ahead of the average baby in mental progress.

Contrasts in clothes

● Overalls or "Jackie Coogan" suits should not always be worn.

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

OVER the past few years Jackie Coogan suits or overalls for toddlers' wear have become amazingly popular.

The majority of mothers look upon these suits as labor-saving, an asset in keeping little limbs clean as well as cosy.

These little garments certainly have their uses on cold, windy days, and at certain times when play is rough on clothes. However, many of you are inclined to dress your toddlers all the time in these neck-to-ankle garments.

A mother has just written to me, and said that she noticed that every child in her immediate neighborhood was clothed in overalls not only sometimes, but continuously and over periods of months—in summer as well as winter. She was perturbed at the fact, and she questioned whether it could always be right to exclude sunshine and air from little limbs.

This mother is quite right. Children's limbs should be given the benefit of direct exposure to sunshine.

This is one of the greatest preventatives of rickets—a deficiency disease which, as most of you know, is one that has to do with poor bone formation, the bones being soft and thus causing certain deformities such as knock-knees, bow-legs, and other structural defects as well as poor teeth.

You should realise—if you do not already know—that the action of certain rays of sunshine on a substance in the fatty tissue just beneath the skin creates Vitamin D, which is thus stored within the body. This bodily-manufactured store is essential to health over and above the vitamin-intake that is included in the daily diet.

It has been proved that a child is more hardy and free from colds when skin surfaces are exposed to the sunlight and air without, of course, undue and foolish exposure.

Keep your "Jackie Coogan" suits then, but use them wisely, and do not continuously clothe your children in them.

SUNTANNED Jennifer Gates, 16 months, of Manning Road, Double Bay, N.S.W., in her playtime suit. Her delight is the garden, where she spends most of the day. When helping daddy she wears overalls, as shown in the picture at top.

PLATIGNUM NIBS ARRIVE

Small supplies of Platignum nibs (to fit STANDARD type Platignum pens ONLY) have arrived from England. You will now be able to utilise your Platignum Fountain Pen that is at present without a nib. Ask your stationer or storekeeper.

Platignum MADE IN ENGLAND

FOUNTAIN PENS

VIM

cleans pots and pans quickly—

NEVER SCRATCHES

A LEVER PRODUCT 7.107.35

Itching Skin Germs Killed in 3 Days

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to kill and remove the true cause of most skin troubles. Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where invisible germs and parasites can hide, and which are the true cause of terrible Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Ringworm, Acne, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other disfiguring blemishes.

Blemishes such as these make you look and feel embarrassed, unattractive, and handicapped in life, both socially and in business. You can't get rid of these disfigurements with ordinary treatments, which give only temporary relief, because they do not kill the germs or parasites responsible for your trouble.

New Discovery Kills Cause

Former skin sufferers throughout the world are now praising Nixoderm, the discovery of a leading American skin specialist. This remarkable new preparation quickly penetrates into the pores of the skin, and kills the germs and parasites responsible for your trouble in 7 minutes, stopping the itch almost instantly. At the same time this wonderful preparation acts as a tonic and skin food, so that as the cause of your trouble is removed, your skin becomes soft, smooth, and clear. This clear, healthy complexion will give you new charm and make it easy to win friends.

Praised by Doctors

Dr. T. A. Ellis, well-known physician of Toronto, Canada, recently stated: "Skin disorders caused by parasites, as many are, yield to Nixoderm. These parasites are invisible to the naked eye. They eat away the skin, forming ugly eruptions. Ordinary ointments or remedies fail completely, or give only temporary results because they do not reach the cause of the condition. It is this value about Nixoderm in attacking parasites which impresses me most favorably, and explains in large measure the success it enjoys over many stubborn cases."

Guaranteed Results

Get Nixoderm to-day. Put it to the test. In a few minutes you will find that the itching has stopped, and in 24 hours you can see for yourself that your skin is clearer. And it is guaranteed that, within one week, Nixoderm must make your skin soft, clear, smooth, and attractive or money back on return of empty package. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you. So don't delay. Get Nixoderm to-day.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

FLY MENACE

By MEDICO

UNLESS precautions are taken, the housefly is expected to be a serious cause of sickness this summer.

The reason is simple—shortage of manpower for garbage services, for manufacture of fly-proof garbage containers, and domestic hygiene.

There has always been a narrow safety margin in our control of the breeding of the housefly in Australia.

Experience has shown that the control of the breeding place is the best means of ridding the home of flies. An open latrine pan, uncovered refuse, drainage from the kitchen, stable or pig-pen, food scraps thrown in the yard all end up the one way—flies in the kitchen.

So keep all fly-breeding places under control, burn all refuse, keep all food well covered, and swat every fly from kitchen and larder.

Why not be Always At YOUR BEST This Summer

TO get the best out of Summer and enjoy every possible moment of it, you must look fresh and keep your sparkle through the longest day. It is all a matter of inner well-being, of keeping the system in perfect tune.

While you sleep, Bile Beans build up good health and good digestion. They tone you up, cleanse and regulate the system. They improve your appearance and your outlook on life.

So, to be bright in a morning and fresh, happy, and energetic throughout the longest day—just remember to take—

A NIGHTLY DOSE OF

BILE BEANS

"At first the change from a city office to war work was almost too much for me—in fact I nearly gave it up. But I found Bile Beans taken regularly ideal for keeping one healthy and fit. The extra physical strain does not bother me at all now. I feel right up to the mark."—Miss J. Roberts.

Evan Williams shampoo PROTECTS, PRESERVES, BEAUTIFIES.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS AND UNDERPANTS

NILE HANDKERCHIEFS

Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd. 134 Broadway, Sydney

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726382

Here's to the Children!

● Let it be a fairy-tale party however low the pantry stores. There are lots of things that can never be rationed—fun and laughter, and being clever with what you have.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT'S a birthday or just an in-between party. Goodness, how important!

You are teaching your child all the graces of life . . . How to eat and enjoy food.

What to eat and what not to eat. You are setting a standard of beauty in the presentation of food . . . daintiness, harmony of color, and balance of line. Social behaviour and how to be pleasant with one's friends—incidentally, the basis of a happy home and good citizenship.

You are giving her (or him) lovely, warm memories that will last through the years . . . the party we had in the garden . . . the year we first played family coach . . . the time mother made the Cottage Cake and Susan cried because she thought she was lost in the woods, and we gave her a barley-sugar stick . . . and the time we had the Chinese party and dressed up, and mother gave us Chinese food, or we thought she did . . . and the time Johnnie asked twenty-seven boys and announced the fact nervously just before they were due to arrive, and the hilarious party they had.

Let the children have a party even if it's only sugar buns and tomato sandwiches dressed up with a lot of pretendings.

THIS FAIRY-TALE party cake, with its meringue mushrooms and little green frogs, is a mist-light sponge sandwich.

Birthday cake

Not too rich even for teen-age parties. Use foundation of chocolate sponge sandwich or fluffy orange gingerbread or light butter cake with a tangy lemon flavor . . .

Simple decorations are usually the most effective. Plan design carefully before beginning.

FAIRY-TALE CAKE

(See photograph.)

Fill a plain 8in. sandwich with a mock cream, or make the sponge in one deep cake-tin. Mould marzipan tops on light sponge patties and set one on top of sponge cake. Cover whole cake with warmed green icing. Make about 1 tablespoon chocolate icing and pipe light border. Set cake on large platter. Make markings on frog on top of cake. Set three tiny meringue mushrooms on cake, and surround cake with tiny green cake frogs and mushrooms, one for each child at party. Garnish with fresh nasturtium leaves.

MAYPOLE CAKE

Coat cake with delicately colored warm icing, green, or pink, or mauve. Set a barley-sugar stick or gaily colored miniature pole in centre. Set cake on platter and surround bottom edge with garland of leaves or fresh flowers. From the top of the pole extend gaily colored ribbons, cords or daisy chains, one for each child at the party. Anchor each ribbon with a tiny posy or little gift, each bearing name of one of the children.

CRICKET CAKE

Coat the cake with a boiled frosting, colored green. Smooth the top before it sets. Mark a cricket pitch with chocolate icing, and set at one end a wicket and bat, moulded from marzipan, and at the other a marzipan cricket ball. Let the toast be, when the cake is cut, "Good innings, Johnny."

AEROPLANE CAKE

Cover cake with boiled frosting, colored green. Smooth top, mark runway with chocolate icing, and dot cake with tiny model planes.

HANSEL AND GRETEL CAKE

A gingerbread house, of course, with a candy thatched roof, barley-sugar door-posts and spun-sugar windows. Make it simple. It can be fun both in the making and at the party . . . for the very young.

FLOWER CAKE

For the teen-age girl. Rough-frost the cake with pale, peach-colored frosting, and top it with a posy that matches the first florist-made posy she wears on her shoulder.

Mock marzipan

For moulding cake decorations such as heads of frogs, piglets, mushroom stems.

One pound icing sugar, 3oz. finely sieved white breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons almond essence (or if not available use the same quantity of grated orange or lemon rind, or flavor the mixture with melted chocolate or cocoa), 1 egg-yolk beaten with 1 tablespoon sherry or milk.

Sift the icing sugar and mix with the breadcrumbs. Beat the essence and lemon juice into the egg-yolk and sherry or milk. Add to the dry ingredients, mixing to a stiff paste with the hands. Dust fingers with cornflour when working into shapes.

Mushroom meringues

Three egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, flavoring essence, 2 tablespoons chocolate icing, about ½lb. mock marzipan.

Whisk the egg-whites until light and frothy, and gradually whisk in the sugar. When the mixture holds its shape, add the cornflour, and whisk over boiling water until the mixture begins to dry on the bottom of the basin. Spoon on to greased paper on oven tray, and cook in a very slow oven (300deg. F.) until dry, about 40 minutes. When cold, smear chocolate icing roughly on bottom of meringue, marking with knife. Make small stems of mock marzipan, chill until firm, and insert in meringues as mushroom-stems. (This was done for the cake illustrated on this page.)

Apricot buns

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. butter or dripping, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk, apricot jam, little extra sugar.

Sift flour and rub in fat. Add sugar and orange rind. Beat eggs and milk and add to flour mixture, stirring to a fairly dry consistency, as for rock buns. Roll dessertspoons of the mixture lightly into balls, using floured hands. Press a hole into top of each, fill with apricot jam, using the pulpy pieces. Pinch top together. Place on greased oven-tray and cook in fairly hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Brush while hot with apricot syrup, sprinkle with sugar, and return to oven for minute. Best served on day of making.

Decorated patties

For Patties: 12oz. self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, flavoring essence or orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice if dripping used as butter substitute, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and flavoring. Beat in eggs and add sifted flour with milk, mixing to a smooth drop consistency. Spoon into greased or paper patties and cook in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

Instead of baking this mixture in individual patties, it may be cooked in a slab-tin, approximately 10in. by 10in., and cut into small squares when cold.

For moulded decorations use mock marzipan (see recipe on this page); for coatings use warm icing or boiled frosting; for piping use butter icing or royal icing.

GREEN FROGS

Mould heads from mock marzipan and shape on top of patty cake. Cover head and cake with soft green icing, warmed in pan to pouring point. Cut mouth and mark eyes. Stand frog on green nasturtium leaf. If in the baking the patty cake has risen to a good point, it may not be necessary to mould frog's head, and the green icing and marking may be sufficient.

PIGLETS

Mould a marzipan shape more to the side of the patty-tin to give the appearance of a fat little pig. Coat with pink, warm icing and pipe eyes, nose, and curly tail with butter icing. Use split almonds or marzipan for ears, and stand piglets in paper patty-cases.

DOMINOES

Coat tiny cake squares with warmed white icing. When set, pipe domino markings with chocolate icing.

JELLY CAKES

Scoop centre from patty cakes, and fill with brightly colored chopped jellies.

FRUIT-SALAD CAKES

Scoop centre from cakes, and fill with fruit salad and top with stoned cherry and tiny mint sprig.

DONKEY CAKES

Coat tiny cake squares with warmed green icing. Mix a butter icing (creamed butter and icing sugar), and color a bright carrot shade (with red and yellow colorings) and pipe a tiny bunch of carrots on to the top of each cake, and tip the top of each bunch with tiny sprig of young parsley.

FLOWER CAKES

Color a mixing of soft icing several shades of the softest green, palest pink, primrose and mauve. Coat tiny squares of cake by pouring on these warmed icings. Decorate the top of each cake with a dainty candy flower or tiny fresh flowers, such as rosebuds, single hydrangea flowers, nasturtiums, sweet peas. Arrange round a centre posy of flowers, or in a garland of tender, fresh leaves.

More sandwiches

Plenty of sandwiches at the children's party to offset the sweets. Serve them with attractive salad garnish and in appealing shapes. Cut them in squares and triangles and rounds. Pile them into a train shape, engine and carriages careering down the centre of the table. Or build a sandwich cottage set in a salad garden of lettuce bushes, celery hedge, and radish roses. Is there a toy cart and horse in the house? Give it a spring cleaning and turn it into a party table-piece and pile the cart high with sandwiches. Watch these sandwiches disappear!

Cream the butter with hot milk to easy spreading consistency, and remember lots of soft fillings do not require a butter spread.

These fillings are suitable for children:—

Apricots, lightly stewed, pulped and pounded with chopped parsley and grated cheese.

Continued on page 31

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726383

ODORONO SAVES YOUR CLOTHING

Sally forth with freedom to your rendezvous, confident that the use of Odorono will prevent loss of underarm freshness—and perspiration damage to clothing.

Odorono is the tried and true deodorant; safely checks perspiration 1-3 days.

Deodorant ODO-RO-NO PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE!

Liquid Odorono . . . . . safe and sure Odorono Cream . . . quick and easy to use

LIGHT HOT ENTREE for summer dinner . . . round steak, minced finely, breadcrumbs and herbs added, piled into scooped cucumbers or young marrows, and baked 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Favorite American dishes WIN PRIZES!

● A platter of pineapple, sausages, and minted vegetables wins first place in our readers' recipe contest this week.

MRS. CASS writes that the recipe for the pineapple and sausage entree was brought by a friend from Hollywood.

It's a deliciously light dish for a hot summer evening. Chopped mint pairs with young vegetables of all types and with pineapple.

PINEAPPLE AND SAUSAGE ENTREE

Five slices pineapple, 5 pieces bacon, 1½lb. thin sausages.

Place pineapple slices on a greased baking dish. Arrange bacon and sausages on top. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes, or until sausages are cooked through. Parboil young carrots and new potatoes, season to taste, sprinkle with chopped mint, and put in a greased dish. Bake twenty minutes, and serve as an accompaniment.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Cass, 57 Malin St., Kew E.4, Vic.

AMERICAN APPLE PIE

Two cups cooked sweetened apple, drained free from juice, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup cold water.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Rub shortening in finely. Add cheese, and mix to a very dry dough. Turn on to a floured board, and divide into two. Roll into two circles the size of the tart plate. Line tart plate with one portion, sprinkle with flour and sugar, fill with apple mixture. Moisten edges of pastry with milk or water, and place top crust in position. Press edges together, and bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Barker, 20 Wallace St., Toowoomba, Qld.

MOCK CREAM FILLING

Two dessertspoons butter, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspon vanilla, few drops lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, ½ cup boiling water.

Cream butter and sugar, add vanilla, lemon juice, and milk. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, and add gradually to the mixture, using a rotary beater to mix. Use as a cake filling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Baker, 147 Bourke St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

DRYING FRUITS and vegetables is a sure and comparatively simple way of preserving. You first blanch fruit and vegetables by dipping (as Marie Linden, MGM star, is doing) in a brine and soda solution . . 1 tablespoon bicarbonate of soda and 2 tablespoons salt to 1 gallon boiling water.

Get relief now from Indigestion and after-eating pains

You can rely on HARDY'S to give quick, certain relief from agonising indigestion and stomach pains. HARDY'S is proven throughout Australia as the *sure, safe* treatment for digestive and stomach disorders.

HARDY'S

INDIGESTION and Ulcerated Stomach POWDER

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

PRICE 2/9 A JAR

Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.

"You want to be careful about the cleanser you use today!"

Why take chances with coarse, gritty cleansers? Especially today when you want to *protect* your hard-to-replace baths, sink, stove or refrigerator. Use safe, gentle Bon Ami! It's free from the coarse grit and strong alkalis that can damage fine porcelain. Yet it's quick, easy to use. Keeps things polished and looking their best!

Bon Ami polishes as it cleans

"hasn't scratched yet!"

Here's to the Children!

Continued from page 30

Peanut butter mixed with finely shredded carrot.

Finely minced lamb, pounded with parsley, a little chopped onion, and a little white sauce to spreading consistency.

Finely chopped eggs with chopped parsley and a hint of onion; white sauce or salad dressing may be used to bind.

Chopped raisins or sultanas mixed with grated carrot.

Thinly sliced cucumbers, seasoned with a little onion.

Tomatoes, peeled, thinly sliced and drained, may be seasoned with little chopped onion, chopped mint or parsley.

Grated cheese with chopped parsley or mint; a little chopped, crisp bacon may be added.

PARTY SALADS

Humpty Dumpties. They're hard-boiled eggs with faces peering over sandwich walls in a salad garden or out of a nest of shredded greens. Pipe a face on the shelled egg, or mark it with vegetable snippets, or ink a face on the broken shell and pop it back on to the egg.

White Mice are pear halves decorated with clove eyes and tail, and split nuts or vegetable snippets for ears. Serve with crisp lettuce and cheese cubes.

Hallowe'en Salad has a stuffed tomato for each child. Fill with scrambled corn or chopped, hard-boiled eggs with green peas, top with parsley, and shape a face with inserted vegetable snippets for mouth and eyes. A tiny paper dunce cap can top each tomato face. Serve with salad greens and rolled brown bread and butter.

FRUIT CUP

Two pints of apple water, juice of 3 lemons, juice of 6 oranges, sugar to taste, water to taste, lemon and orange peel curls.

Combine fruit juices. Sweeten to taste. Dilute with water, add peel, and chill.

Ah!...that's Persil Whiteness

Whiteness? Why, of course, you judge a wash by its whiteness. And everyone knows there's not a snowier, fresher whiteness anywhere than Persil's. You see, Persil suds are energised by oxygen so that they search out all the dirt and stains. That's the reason, both for Persil's whiteness and for its amazing gentleness. Silks, coloureds and woollens — they're all safest in Persil.

Persil

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD P.277.24

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726384

Recipe for Health

THE SHINING SUN
THE OPEN SEA
AND ARNOTT'S MILK
ARROWROOT BISCUITS

Arnott's

FAMOUS

MILK ARROWROOT
BISCUITS

THE FIRST FAVOURITE OF EVERY CHILD—EASY TO CARRY—EASY TO SERVE

Buy War Savings Certificates and National Savings Stamps

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726385